THE

Careles Shepherdess.

A

TRAGI-COMEDY

Acted before the KING & QUEEN,
And at *Salisbury-Court*, with great Applause.

Written by T. G. Mr. of Arts.

Pastorem Tittere pingues Pascere oportet oves, deductum ducere Carmen.

With an Alphebeticall Catologue of all such Plays that ever were Printed.

LONDON,
Printed for *Richard Rogers* and *William Ley*, and are to be sould at *Pauls* Chaine nere Doctors commons,
1656.

The Argument.

NEere to Arcadia's *fertile soyle there dwells*
Two happie men whom scarce their like excells,
The one a Swaine, the other nobler borne
Both rich in Land and stor'd with fruitfull Corne.
These as in hopefull Children, they were blest,
So of much Wealth, and Meadowes were possest.
The richer of these two; Cleobulus
Had for his Heyre the stout Philaritus:
A spightfull Youth, whose valour and whose worth
Exceld those Swaines the Sheapheards Dames brought forth.
He lov'd one Arismena, *who for faire*
Might with the purest of her Sex Compare.
She to blunt Bracheus *was his onely Heyre*
And wealthier in that Name then richer are.
She Careless seem'd. His Love increasd the more
That to a Feaver grew, which was before
A gentle heate. At length she condiscends,
Begs Pardon for her wrong, makes Him amends.
Their Parents croast their Love, ere long agree
And were themselves perplex'd with misery.
Faire Castarina *and* Lariscus *doe*
Partake with them in their Affliction too.
Two, of whose fame the neighbouring Plaines were full,
The one was Tall, the other Beautifull.
These share in griefe, and when They fully thought
They had their Fates to happie Issues brought
Satyres creepe in, and in their height of joy
Their Peace their Comforts and their Hopes annoy.
The Lovers [illegible] *lost doe*
Seeke a revenge. Themselves are taken too
All being now ensnar'd expect to die
Their Dirge is sung. On heaven fix their Eye
But in the midst of all their Griefes appeares.
Disguised Paromett, *and quits their Feares.*
His Satyr's Shape plucks off they grow againe.
Into their witts and wellcome him a Swaine.
Thus were their doubts exhaild and joyes increast
That peace is sweet'st which after warr's possest.

Præludium:

The Actors.

Spruce, *a Courtier.*
Sparke, *an Inns of Court-man.*
Landlord, a *Country Gentleman.*
Thrift, *a Citizen.*
Bolt, *a Door-keeper.*

Prologus.

THE SCENE.

SALISBURY COURT.

Bot. *A Door-keeper, ſitting with a Box on one ſide of the Stage. To him* Thrift *a Citizen.*

Thrift. Now for a good bargain, What will you take
To let me in to the play? *Bolt.* A ſhilling Sir.
Thri. Come, here's a groat, I'le not make many words.
Thou haſt juſt got my trick for all the world,
I alwayes uſe to ask juſt twice as much
As a thing's worth: then ſome pretend to have
Skill in my wares, by bidding of me half.
But when I meet a man of judgement, as
You have done now, they bid as neer to th' price,
As if they knew my mark. Uſe me, as you
Do hope to have my cuſtome other times.

Bolt. In troth Sir I can't take it. *Thri.* Should I go
Away, I know you'd call me back again.
I hate this dodging: What's your loweſt price?
Bolt. I told you at firſt word. *Thri.* What a ſhilling?
Why, I have known ſome Aldermen that did
Begin with twelve penſe: and for half ſo much
I ſaw ſix motions laſt *Bartholomew-Fair.*
Bolt. When you have ſeen this play, you'l think it worth
Your money. *Thri.* Well then take this groat in earneſt,
If I do like it you ſhall have the reſt.
Bolt. This is no market or exchange, pray keep
Your aery groat that's thinner then a ſhadow
To mend your Worſhips ſhoes, it is more crackt
Then an old Beaver or a Chambermaid.
Thri. Well, ſince you will exact, and ſtretch your Conſcince,
Here's a nine penſe and four penſe half-peny,
Give me the reſt again. *Bolt* There. *Thri.* Now for this
When I come home I'le go unto my book,
And ſet a figure to each ſingle *Cipher*;
I'le cheat a ſhilling in a peny, and
A pound in twelve penſe. When will it begin?
Bolt. Preſently Sir. *Thri.* Thou once didſt tell me ſo
When the firſt Act was almoſt done. *Bolt.* Why then
They preſently began to make an end.

Enter Spruce, *a Courtier.*

Spruce. How oft has't founded? *Bolt.* Thrice an't pleaſe you Sir.
Thri. Sir, by your powdred hair, and gawdy cloaths
I do preſume you are a Courtier.
Pray Sir, if I may be ſo bold to ask,
And, if you go on Tick here too,
What did it coſt you to come in? When you
Do buy of us, you of all Gentlemen
Have ſtill the cheapeſt penyworths. *Spru.* Are you
A Tradeſman? *Thri.* Sir, I am a Citizen,
I alwayes do obſerve that Courtiers
Know Tradeſmen when they are a whole ſtreet off,
But not when they are neer. *Spru.* 'Tis true, there muſt
Be a due diſtance 'twixt the ſight and object.

With

With what variety of wares is your
Shop furniſhed. *Thri. Imprimis*, with a fair Wife
And Prentice. *Item*, with Knots and Phanſies
Of all faſhions, and twenty other toyes.
There is a Courtier Sir that owes to me
Two thouſand pound for Garters and for Roſes.
Faith Sir, and if you would bring a faſhion up,
And hang ſome Ribboning round about your Hat
As well as in one place, you ſhould finde me
And my Wife thankfull. *Spru.* 'Twould be too *Pedlar*-like.

Enter Spark, *an Inns of Court-man.*

Spar. What's there, a *Courtier* and a *Citizen*?
Such a conjunction is enough to make
A grand *Eclipſe*. Sure th' one did never ſee
Th' other before, 'cauſe they are now ſo great.
Mr. *Spruce*. I am your humble ſervant.
Spru. Your Balzack. Mr. *Spark*. What God hath bleſs'd
Me with this happineſſe, the ſight of you?
Spar. Faith Sir faſting night, and I did chuſe
Rather to ſpend my money at a Play,
Then at the Ordnary: I now eſteem
My choice as policy, ſince 'tis my fortune
To ſit neer you: If the Play ſhould prove dull
Your company will ſatisfie my ears.

Enter Landlord, *a Country Gentleman*

Landl. God ſave you Gentlemen, 'tis my ambition
To occupy a place neer you: there are
None that be worthy of my company
In any room beneath the twelve peny.
I've ſate with Judges on the Bench, and frown'd
As ſowrely upon things I did not know,
As any Lawyer does on a poor Client:
I have found fault with very good Sermons
In my daies, and now I deſire that we
May paſſe our ſentences upon this Play.
Thri. With all my heart. O that I had my Gown!
Spar. Dare you preſume to cenſure Poetry?
'Tis the Prerogative of the wits in Town,

'Cauſe you have read perhaps a Statute-Book,
And been High-Conſtable, do y' think you know
The Laws of Comedy and Tragedy?
Prethee, what kinde of Beaſt is *Helicon?*
You may have skill in Horſe and Sheep, and yet
Know neither *Pegaſus*, nor *Paſtorals*.
Alas you're ignorant of any ſtile
But what ſtands in a hedge; you never heard
Of more then the four humours of the body;
Nor did you ever underſtand a Plot,
Unleſſe that grand one of the *Powder-Treaſon*.
You've worn perchance a pair of Spatterdaſhers,
But ſcarce e're ſaw a Buskin; and my Noſe,
Tells me your feet did never yet wear Socks.

Sprn. And you too would uſurp *Apollo's* Chair,
As if th' Exchange did ever breed a wit.
Though you can give words ſoft and ſmooth, as is
Your Sattin Ribbon, yet your ſpeech is harſh
To the round language of the Theater,
'Cauſe you ſell *Phanſies*, and can caſt account,
Do y' think your brain conceives Poetique Numbers?
You cannot tell, if you were ask'd the queſtion,
Whether a *Metaphor* be fleſh or fiſh;
You may perchance have judgement to diſcerne
What Puppet dances well, or underſtand
Which Juglers mouth is beſt at the Bay-leafe;
But who deſerves the Lawrell wreath, you know
No more, then you do know which Land i'th' field
Bears Barley, and which Wheat, which Rye, which Oats.

Spar. 'Cauſe you will be prodigious, and aim
At Wit, a thing I never heard of, till
I came to th' *Temple*, prethee inform me,
What part you think eſſentiall to a *Play*?
And what in your opinion is ſtil'd Wit.

Landl. Why I would have the Fool in every Act,
Be't Comedy, or Tragedy, I 'ave laugh'd
Untill I cry'd again, to ſee what Faces
The Rogue will make: O it does me good

To

To ſee him hold out's Chin hang down his hands,
And twirle his Bawble. There is nere a part
About him but breaks jeſts. I heard a fellow
Once on this Stage cry, *Doodle, Doodle, Dooe,*
Beyond compare; I'de give the other ſhilling
To ſee him act the Changling once again.

Thri. And ſo would I, his part has all the wit,
For none ſpeaks Craps and Quibbles beſides him:
I'd rather ſee him leap, laugh, or cry,
Then hear the graveſt Speech in all the *Play.*
I never ſaw *Rheade* peeping through the Curtain,
But raviſhing joy enter'd into my heart.

Spar. Ha, ha, ha, ha! To ſee how their wits jump,
'Tis hard to tell which is the verier Fool,
The Country Gentleman, or Citizen:
Your judgements are ridiculous and vain
As your Forefathers, whoſe dull intellect
Did nothing underſtand but fools and fighting;
'Twill hardly enter into my belief
That ye are of this Age, ſure ye are Ghoſts.
The Poets now have with their heavenly fire
Purg'd their inventions of thoſe groſſer follies,
And with ſublime conceits enrich'd the Stage:
Inſtead of looſe laſcivious mirth, they bring
Ingenious raptures, which do pleaſe, not tickle,
And rather move us to admire, then laugh.
The Motly Coat was baniſh'd with Trunk Hoſe,
And ſince their wits grew ſharp, the Swords are ſheath'd.

Spru. Then playing upon words is as much out
Of faſhion here, as Pepper is at Court.

Landl. Well, ſince there will be nere a fool i'th' *Play,*
I'le have my money again; the Comedy
Will be as tedious to me, as a Sermon,
And I do fear that I ſhall fall aſleep,
And give my twelve penſe to be melancholy.

Spar. Nay, ne're fear that, for on my word you ſhall
Have mirth, although there be no Changlings part.

Landl. Well, I will ſtay it out, though't only be

That

That I may view the Ladies, and they me.
Thri. Sir, was't a Poet, or a Gentleman
That writ this play? The Court, and Inns of Court,
Of late bring forth more wit, then all the Tavernes,
Which makes me pity Play-Rights; they were poore
Before, even to a Proverb; Now their trade
Muſt needs go down, when ſo many ſet up.
I do not think but I ſhall ſhortly ſee
One Poet ſue to keep the door, another
To be prompter, a third to ſnuff the candles.
Pray Sir, has any Gentleman of late
Beg'd the Monopoly of Comedies?
Spar. No: But of late the Poets having drown'd
Their brains in Sack, are grown ſo dull and lazy,
That they may be the ſubjects of a Play,
Rather then the Authors: They have left to invoke
Thalia now, and only call on Drawers:
They quite neglect *Apollo's* Sacred Reed
Which warbles forth Diviner Harmony,
And uſe alone the dumb Tobacco-pipe.
Now leſt the Stage ſhould only entertain
The Auditors with cold meats, (which are grown
Mouldy and ſtale, as was the Uſurers Pye
Which came to the Table 'bove an hundred times,
Untill at laſt it crept away it ſelf.)
Some of our Tribe, neither for gain, nor fame,
But out of free and well-meant charity,
Devote their vacant minutes to the Muſes,
Preferring them before Balcony-Ladies,
And other fonder vanities of this Age.
Thri. Courtiers, I think, have little elſe to do;
So to be idle, is in them a vertue:
But I do fear that writing Playes, will make
Our Inns of Court-men Truants in the Law.
Shortly they will be *Ovid*-like, who could
Not chuſe but put Indentures into Verſe.
E're I am Sheriff, I warrant we ſhall have
Maſter-Recorder rhime upon the Bench.

Landl.

Landl. It was a Comedy, they ſay, that firſt
Did make the Lawyer call'd, an *Ignoramus.*
Spar. To put on Lock or Buskin on our feet
Is not our ſtudy, but recreation,
When we are tir'd with reading *Littleton,*
Penning a Scene does more refreſh our brain
Then Sack, or *Hide-Park* ayr, Poetry is
The ſawce that makes ſeverer meats digeſt,
And turns rude Barbariſm into delight.
Thri. Sir, I have heard 'um ſay, that Poets may
Write without Ink rather then Wine. *Landl.* And I
Have heard that 'tis as hard to make a Play
Without Canary, as it is to make
A Cheeſe without Runnet: Tobacco leafs
Do more inſpire, then all the leafs of books.
Thri. How then does Sack injure our Poets Brains?
Spru. Still are you muffled up in ignorance;
Do you not know too much exceſſe may turn
The greateſt Antidote to deadly poyſon?
Spar. Beſides, Philoſophers do ſay, that there's
Antipathy betwixt the Vine and Lawrell;
And ſince they hate Proximity i'th' Garden.
I ſcarce believe they do agree i'th' head:
And certain 'tis, that pure Poetique fire
Is not the cauſe, nor the effect of ſmoak.
Loud Muſique ſounds.
But hiſt, the Prologue enters. *Landl.* Now it chimes
All in, to the Play, the Peals were rung before.
Pro. Muſt alwayes I a Hearer only be?
He being out, is laught at, by { *Spark. Thrift.* / *Spruce. Landl.* }
Pro. Pox take the Prompter, *Exit.*
Enter another to ſpeak the Prologue.
Pro. Muſt alwayes I a Hearer only be?
Mayn't a Spectator write a Comedy?

He

He being out, looks in his hat, at which an Actor plac't in the Pit, laughs.

Pro. Let him that laughs ſpeak the Prologue for me. *Exit.*

The Actor in the Pit laughs again, ſaying:

Faith Gentlemen, I'le leave your company,
Since none will do the Author Juſtice, I
Will ſomething vent, though't be *ex tempore*. *Exit.*

Spar. I do not think but ſome poor Hackney Poet
Has hir'd the Players to be out upon
Suſpition, that they are abus'd i'th' Prologue.

Spru. Perhaps our preſence daunteth them, let us
Retire into ſome private room, for fear
The third man ſhould be out. *Spar.* A match. *Exeunt*

Landl. I'le follow them, though't be into a Box. *Spru. Spar.*
Though they did ſit thus open on the Stage
To ſhew their Cloak and Sute, yet I did think
At laſt they would take ſanctuary 'mongſt
The Ladies, leſt ſome Creditor ſhould ſpy them.
'Tis better looking o're a Ladies head,
Or through a Lettice-window, then a grate. *Exit. Land.*

Thri. And I will haſten to the money Box,
And take my ſhilling out again, for now
I have conſidered that it is too much;
I'le go to th' Bull, or Fortune, and there ſee
A Play for two penſe, with a Jig to boot. *Exit.*

Enter the Actor that was in the Pit.

Actor. If I too ſhould be out, this anſwer take,
I do not now ſo much repeat, as make.

Pro-

Prologue.

WHen firſt this Toy was publique, 'twas unknown
To th' Author, and before 'twas feather'd flown;
He now conſents, that you ſhould ſee't once more,
'Cauſe he hath more faults, then it had before.
He knows there is a ſnarling Sect i'th' Town,
That do condemn all wit except their own;
Were this Play ne're ſo good, it ſhould not take,
Nothing muſt paſſe that Gentlemen do make.
Whilſt I did ſit i'th' Pit, I heard one ſay
There n'ere was poorer language in a Play;
And told his Neighbour, he did fear the vile
Compoſure would go neer to ſpoil his ſtile.
Another damn'd the Scene with full-mouth'd oaths,
Becauſe it was not dreſs'd in better cloaths;
And rather wiſh'd each Actor might be mute,
Then he ſhould looſe the ſight of a fine ſuit.
O Wit and Judgement both! what they do raiſe
To prejudice, is here the chiefeſt praiſe:
Would it be proper, think you, for a Swain,
To put on Buskins, and a lofty ſtrain?
Or ſhould a Shepherdeſs ſuch phraſes vent,
As the Spring-Garden Ladies complement;
Should a rough *Satyre*, who did never know,
The thing we call a *Taylor* Lord-like go
In Silks and Sattins? Or a Country Laſſe
Wear by her ſide a Watch or Looking-Glaſſe:
Faith Gentlemen, ſuch Soleciſmes as theſe
Might have done well in the Antipodes:
It argues a ſtrange ignorance to call
Every thing fooliſh, that is naturall:
If only Monſters pleaſe you, you muſt go
Not to the Stage, but to a *Bartholomew* Show.

The Author aims not to ſhow wit, but Art,
Nor did he ſtrive to pen the Speech, but Part;
He could have writ high lines, and I do know
His pains were double to deſcend ſo low:
Nor does he think it infamy, to confeſs
His ſtile as *Careleſs* as the *Skepherdeſs*.
Good voices fall, and riſe, and *Virgil*, who
Did *Georgicks* make, did write the *Æneids* too:
Laurell in woods doth grow, and there may be
Some wit in Shepherds plain ſimplicity:
The pictures of a Beggar and a King
Do equall praiſes to a *Painter* bring;
Meadows and Groves in Landskips pleaſe the eye
As much as all the City bravery:
May your ears too accept this rurall ſport,
And think your ſelves in *Salisbury Plain*, not *Court*. *Exit.*

The

The Prologue.

TO

Their Majeſties at *WHITE-HALL.*

Moſt gracious Sir,

OFt hath your Court the Forreſts guilded o're,
Making that glorious which was rude before.
You having greater power then *Orpheus*, now
Draw woods unto your Court, each tree doth bow,
And homage pay: O may all Forreſts be
As loyall to your Majeſty, as we.
Enjoy theſe *Sylvian* ſports, may they appear
Pleaſing, as Hunting of the Noble Deer:
But let the Poet ſcape, may't be your will,
To frolique in the mirth, but not to kill.
So may he pleaſe you often: at firſt ſtart,
Wound not his *Play*, and you'l make him a Hart. *Exit.*

The Actors.

Cleobulus, a Gentleman of *Arcadia*, father to *Philaritus*.
Bracheus, a Shepherd, father to *Arisмena*.
Philaritus, a Lover of *Arisмena*.
Lariscus, a Lover of *Castarina*.
Paromet, a Satyre, father to *Castarina*.
Graculus, a servant to *Bracheus*.
Four Satyres.
Coridon and *Rurius*. } Servants to *Cleobulus*, one of them a Magitian.
Three Shepherds, and three Shepherdesses.
Apollo and two *Sybills*.
Sylvia.
Arisмena and *Castarina*. } Two Shepherdesses.

Attendants.
The Scene.
ARCADIA.

The

THE Careleſs Shepherdeſs: A PASTORALL.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Muſique having plaid a little, Philarctus *is diſcovered diſcontented on his Couch, whilſt one ſings the enſuing Song.*

They ſing.

A Song.

1 *GRieve not fond man, nor let one tear*
Steal from thy eyes, ſhe'l hear
No more of Cupids *ſhafts, they fly*
For wounding her, ſo let them dye.
For why ſhould'ſt thou nouriſh ſuch flames as burn
Thy eaſie breſt, and not have like return.
Chorus. *Love forces love, as flames expire,*
If not encreas'd by gentle fire.

2 *Let then her frigid coolneſſe move*
Thee to withdraw thy purer love;
And ſince ſhe is reſolv'd to ſhew
She will not love. Do thou do too:
For why ſhould beauty ſo far charm thy eyes,
That if ſhe frown, thou'l't prove her Sacrifice.
Chorus. *Love,* &c.

Phi.

Phi. Play on, let Muſique feed the ear, which is Deny'd my Miſtreſs voice. That ſtrain again: [*They play it again.*
Oh 'tis compos'd of Harmony, it has
The Magick of a *Syrens* note. So, So. [*The muſique ceaſes.*
Now let them ſing what in my ſleep I dream't
Of *Cupids* cruelty.

They ſing.

1 *Blind* Cupid *lay aſide thy Bow,*
Thou doſt not know it's uſe,
For Love, thou Tyranny doſt ſhow,
Thy kindneſs is abuſe.

2 *Thou who wert call'd a pretty Boy,*
Art thought a Scheleton,
For thou like death doſt ſtill deſtroy,
When thou doſt ſtrike but one.

3 *Each vulgar hand can do as much,*
Thin heavenly skill we ſee,
When we behold one Arrow touch
Two marks that diſtant be.

4 *Love always looks for love agen,*
If e're thou wound mans heart,
Pierce by the way his rib, and then
He'l kiſſe, not curſe thy Dart.

Phila. Enough, no more.
Why ſhould I tax thy power gentle Boy,
That holds ſo much Divinity, it awes
Not mortalls only, but makes other powers
Sub-Deities to thine? Great Love forgive me,
I'le with religious and devout ſubmiſſion
Beg reconcilement for my errors.
Serv. Sir. *Enter ſervant.*
Your Father doth command your preſence.
Phila. Tell him
My duty ſhall preſent it ſelf; I go
Like an unwilling Sacrifice to pay
My life, 'am loath, but muſt obey. *Exeunt.*

Actus

ACTUS I. SCENA. 2.

Enter Lariſcus *and* Caſſarina.

Lar. Can you be Miſtreſs of ſo cold a heart,
When ſuch a flame as mine Courts you to warm it?
Think but how long and with what teſtimonies
Of my true ſervice I have woed your favour.
Caſt. You are deceiv'd *Lariſcus*, I have not
Such a cold heart as you pretend, nor am I
Ingratefull to your love you have expreſt;
But you muſt pardon me, if I forbear,
And pauſe before I give my ſelf away.
You men, when you enjoy what you deſire,
Cool in affections, and being married
We loſe our price and value, while we keep
Our freedome, you poure forth your ſervice to us,
And ſtudy new wayes of devotion too
How to preſerve us: Yet I do not make
This my reaſon, that I am ſo ſlow
In giving you that anſwer you deſire:
I have profeſt already that I love
Your *Perſon*.
Lar. Theſe are words, Oh give me proof!
And let not *Hymen* waſt his holy tapers;
Give me *Poſſeſſion* of my *Happineſſe*.
Caſt. Tame your affection, if you love me as
You have made boaſt, you will not think it tedious
To expect till I declare my reſolution.
Me-thinks that *Lovers* might content themſelves
Sometimes to meet, and talk, and ſmile, and kiſs,
Without deſire of more *poſſeſſion*.
Thus I could ſatisfie my ſelf, and you
A man, that better can correct your paſſions,
Should reſt in this. The wiſh of more betrayes
But the rank part of Love.
Lar. Were every Virgin
Of this opinion, the Race of men
And women would be loſt; had but your Mother

Been

Been of that minde, the world had never known
Such a thing as *Caſtarina*, whoſe ſweet frame
And charming beauty, now hath made *Lariſcus*
The ſubject of your pity.

Caſt. Well *Lariſcus*,
If you will arm your ſelf with noble thoughts,
And think without examining my heart,
I have ſome reaſons why I thus delay you,
You will perhaps finde no cauſe to repent:
Yet I am free, nor can you challenge me
Of any injuſtice, if I ſhould to another
Diſpoſe my heart; no vows have paſt on my ſide
To meet with yours; what I may do hereafter
In your aſſurance, may deſerve a welcome.

Enter Cleobulus *and* Philaretus.

Cleobulus is making to this walk,
And young *Philaretus*, let us withdraw
To the next Grove.

Lar. I am happy to wait on you. *Exeunt. Lar.* and *Caſt.*

Act. I. Scena 3.

Cleob. Is this the reward of all my care? Haſt thou
Forgot thy Birth and generous blood? Have I
By my own induſtry added to the Eſtate
My Father left me, with an hope to make
Thee great, and match thee to a Family
Of Honor? and have you thrown your kinde heart
Forſooth, upon a Beggar, a baſe Shepherdeſs?

Phil Oh Sir forbear! The thunder when it breaks,
Carries no more horror with't, then this
Speech of yours. Can ſhe be baſe, whom Nature
Hath grac'd with all perfections of the firſt
Creation? I tell you Sir, were all
As ſhe, *Pandora* ſhould receive her ills
Into her Box again, and man as at
The firſt, ſhould be exempted from a fear
Of death.

Cleob.

Cleob. Alas poor ſilly Boy! thou think'ſt
That virtue, which is onely varniſht o're
With modeſt looks.
Phil. Such modeſt looks as grace
Ariſmena, cannot be counterfeit: She's
No Impoſtor: her chaſt looks are the true
Symptoms of what lies treaſur'd in the heart,
To which I've vow'd devotion, and will pay
My love religiouſly to her chaſt ſelf.
Cleob. But ere you do't, think on theſe aged haires,
And tell me, if their whiteneſſe exact not
Your quick obedience to my will.
Phil. Indeed
I muſt confeſſe you are my father, and
May by that challenge Sir, to be the Pilot
Of my will, and in ought which may concern
Me (but my wife.) You ſhall bear greater ſway
Then I my ſelf.
Cleob. I thank thee Sir; in things
Of moſt importance I muſt be a ſtranger;
In ſlight and common things you'l uſe my counſell.
Phil. Nay Sir; I did mean
To beg here your conſent with all humility
Became a ſon; and I did nouriſh hope
You would be kinde, and make my wiſhes happy;
For I muſt here profeſſe, I love her ſo,
That were the world propounded, my reward
To change that deer affection to this maid,
Thus I would ſpurn it. My ſoul flies to her
With wings of chaſt and zealous love.
Cleob. Y'are then reſolv'd?
Phil. I am.
Cle. To marry without a portion?
Phil. Without ſuch portions as the world eſteems:
And yet ſhe is not Sir ſo poor, ſhe has ——
Cleob. What has ſhe fooliſh Boy, a neſt of ſheephooks?
Her fathers goodly armory; a ſtock
Of tar, and ſeering irons, to grace your dining room,

Where for variety, inſtead of Armes
Shall hang ſo many Bottles and old Pouches:
Abroad his rotten ſheep will raiſe a ſum
To build, and purchaſe Towns; you'l learn a trade too
Of lying in the Sun, and looſing of
Your ragged Wardrope, beſides the art
Of whiſtling to the dog that barks again
To help a Conſort; theſe are precious things;
And then the beauteous Paragon your wife
With her Straw-Hat and Linſey-Wolſey robe,
A Peticoat has ſerv'd her twelve *May* daies,
Beſides the Feaſts of jegging about *May*-Poles,
Is ſuch a treaſure?

Phil. If you conſider Sir how great a vertue
Lies hid under ſo mean a veil; ſhall I
Deſpiſe a Diamond 'cauſe it comes not in
A golden Casket: all which the *Poets* faign
Was extant in *Aſtrea* fled, will ſeem
But as one drop unto the Sea, if my
Sweet *Ariſmena*'s vertues be but weighed.

Cleob. And this you praiſe ſo much, ſhall be your ſole
Patrimony.

Phil. Sir, your pleaſure.

Cleob. A goodly Patrimony: Vertue will buy
Lordſhips, and ſtock your grounds, maintain the off-ſpring
Of your admired choice; yes, and at length
Leave ſomething to your Noble Family.

Phil. Much wealth conſiſts Sir in the enjoying
A vertuous Wife: admit you gave me to
A woman with a Golden Mine, whoſe vaſt
And unexhauſted intralls can ſcarce
Be fathom'd, yet ſhe may be a Strumpet Sir,
And ſo defile your unadulterate Race.
Will bags heap'd with coyn reſtore chaſt blood
Into thoſe ſinfull veins? I know 't will ſerve
As Panders to corrupt your Noble Stock;
Oh think on that, and tell me if my choice
Deſerve your ſcorn?

Cleob. If you can finde eſtate
And riches to her comelineſs, and create
A Noble blood to fill her bright tranſparent veins,
I may conſent.

Phil. The grounds we walk in Sir, and what your eye
In flowry meads may ſee abroad, are hers:
She has a thriving father, unto whom
She is ſole childe; theſe things I grant hold no
Proportion to your eſtate, and yet
A leſs may bring content, but where ſhe comes
To crown all this; what can be an addition
To my felicity? Pray Sir be not cruel,
But give conſent.

Cleob. Thou mention'ſt only ſhadows,
And art in love with baſeneſs, leave this folly,
And think not of her.

Phi. Bid me Sir not live,
And it will be much eaſier to obey you;
But while I have my breath, and uſe my reaſon,
I muſt be *Ariſmena's* Votary.

Cleob. You muſt?

Phi. My heart's compell'd.

Cleob. 'Twill break that heart when you finde want and force to turn a Shepherd.

Phil. 'Tis a pleaſant change.

Cleob. So, ſo, I here caſt off
The relation of a Father, thou art no more
My ſon, I will adopt a ſtranger, and
He ſhall have all, my care meant thine.

Phi. You are
Unmercifull: think Sir that once your ſelf
Did love, and I have heard you tell a ſtory
Something like mine, how much unpoſſible
You found it to withdraw your heart from one
Inferiour in Blood, and Fortune too.

Cleob. But Sir, I was my ſelf,
And had no father to offend.

Phi. The Act
Was ſtill the ſame.

Cleob. Still arguing? no more,
I baniſh thee my ſight, and what is mine.
Be abſent from my thoughts, and know I can
Leave off to be a Father, when my Son
Shall ceaſe his duty to my care.
Phil. You might
Have given me a gentle doom, but ſince
You baniſh me your preſence, I muſt go
To be repair'd in *Ariſmena's* ſmiles,
And there intomb your frowns: Yet let me beg
Your bleſſing firſt, which ſhall while you deny me
The benefit of what you have, to me
Serve as a Patrimony.
Cleob. You hav't.
Phil. Thanks worthy Sir, for now I'le ſtrip my ſelf
Of theſe miſ-ſeeming weeds, the Shepherds green
Shall cloath *Philaritus*, nor can it make
Him poor, if *Ariſmena* ſmiles. The rich
Have wakefull nights, whilſt the poor mans Turfe
Begets a peacefull ſleep, in which they're bleſt
From frigid fears all day, at night with reſt. *Exit.*
Cleob. He's gone: His Loves inflamed dart then pierced
Paſt all recovery? I do pity him,
But muſt not ſhew't; if there be any means
That time or art can ſhew me to reduce him,
I'le ſtudy it.

Act. I. Scen. 4.

Enter Bracheus.

Bra. Good day *Cleobulus*:
You do my field a grace to take the ayr in't.
Cleob. Oh! are you come? D'ye hear? you have a Daughter.
Bra. I hope I have.
Cleob. A fair one too.
Bra. She's a prety Sun-burnt wench.
Cleob. What Portion will you give with her?
Bra. Why Sir, ſhe has a Portion.

Cleob.

Cleob. Say y' ſo?
Pray let me know the ſum, happ'ly I may
Graft her in a Family of Honor Sir.
Brach. Excuſe me then, good Sir, if I appear
Too great a praiſer of my own, ſhe has
An honeſt minde, and that ſome men accompt.
A Portion Sir, it is not found in all
Her Sex, if ſtories may be credited:
She's young, and in my eyes fair, I dare yet
Believe 'em, ſhe's handſome, and ſhe can
Pray too, and ſpend not all the morn to dreſs her.
Cleob. 's this all her Portion?
Brach. If I do like the man would be her Husband,
I can give Acres too, and many Flocks
Of ſheep.
Cleob. And will that make her in your judgement
A fitting match for my *Philaritus*?
Brach. I do not ſay it will.
Cleob. Why then is ſhe in love with him?
Brach. Why? is *Philaritus* in love with *Ariſmena*?
Cleob. I, and not without your knowledge too, you have
By baſe temptations and deviſes wrought him
To affect her; but I'le croſs all your plots.
Brach. Have I contriv'd the ruine of your Son,
And baſely wrought him to affect my Daughter?
I tell you Sir, I wiſht both good to you and him,
But know I ſcorn as much your Son
Should marry with *Ariſmena*, as you
Can hate *Philaritus* for loving her.
Cleob. Out Beggar, know that if my Son *Philaritus*
Doth marry *Ariſmena*, I will throw him
Quite from my bleſſing, from my ſtate, from all,
And ſmile to ſee the ruine of you all. *Cleobulus offers to go forth.*
Bra. Pray ſtay, and hear what I reſolve, if my
Daughter do marry, nay but entertain
A good thought of your Son, rich as you are,
I'le turn her out of doors without my bleſſing,
And not relieve her, though at point toſtarve.

I fear you not, nor your eſtate, I ſhall
Live in deſpite of your ſo generous blood,
Yes, and live honeſtly, which you rich men do not.
Get off my ground.

Cleob. So, ſo, your goodly ground. *Exit Cleobulus.*

Bra. I'm vext, but he ſhall finde e're I ha done,
My Daughter is too good for his proud Son. *Exit.*

ACT. I. SCEN. 5.

Enter Lariſcus, Caſtarina.

Lar. They're gone again, and we may take this walk
Without the fear of ſpies; but you delay
To ſatisfie my urgings with diſcourſe
Of that muſt be remov,d, before my wiſhes
Can meet their happineſſe.

Caſt. The memory
Of baniſht *Paromet* my Father wounds
Each thought I vary. If your Unkles power
Could make his doom reverſt----

Lar. If we might own
The knowledge where he is.

Caſt. Yet he hath being,
For elſe ſome viſion would have taught my dreams,
Both how, and where he dy'd, till he's reſtor'd,
My vows have ſeal'd my reſolution
To live a Maid, and not till then *Lariſcus*
Muſt hope for *Caſtarina.* So adieu. *Exit.*

Lar. You have pronounc'd my ſentence worſe then death,
My torments will be lingring. *Paromet,*
If living, is not to be found, if dead,
All my deſires muſt loſe their ends. But ſtay,
Jealouſie prompts me to ſuſpect ſhe mocks me:
I'le to the *Oracle*, my doubts ſhall be
Quickly reſolv'd from its Divinity. *Exit.*

ACT.

Act. 2. Scena 1.

Sylvia diſcovered in her Bower ſinging.

The Song.

Come Shepherds *come, impale your brows*
With Garlands of the choiceſt flowers
The time allows.
Come Nymphs decke in your dangling hair,
And unto Sylvia's *ſhady Bowers*
With haſt repair:
Where you ſhall ſee chaſt Turtles play,
And Nightingales make laſting May.
As if old Time his youthfull minde,
To one delightful ſeaſon had confin'd.

Enter Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes.

1 Shep. *What Muſick's this doth reach our ears?*
Which ſounds like that made by the Sphears,
And ſo affects the eager ſence,
'Tis raviſht with its excellence.

2 Shep. *The ayr doth ſmell of* Indian *ſpice,*
Or that the ſences ſtupifies,
Which by Arabian *winds is ſpread*
From the aſhes of a Phœnix *dead.*
Whence is this wonder.

3 Shep. *See, ſee, where*
The lovely Goddeſs doth appear:
Fair Sylvia, *ſhe that orders how*
Before Pans *Altar s we ſhould bow,*
And for propition every year
Of the choice fleece our ſheep do bear:
Pay thank full Sacrifice, that he
May keep our flocks from danger free.
Inſtruct us Goddeſs what's thy will,

Sylv. *Upon this leavy wood-crown'd hill,*
I do invite you to Pans *feaſt,*
Where each ſhall be a welcome Gueſt.

Then to the muſique of my voice,
Move gently on each with his choice,
But ſo that no malicious eye
See ought to taſk your modeſty;
For your delights muſt alway be
Attended on by chaſtity.

Dance.

Sylv. *'Tis time the Sacrifice begin,*
Devotion muſt be done within;
Which done; you may of Ceres *taſt,*
And Bacchus *gifts, but make no waſt:*
For oft where plenty injur'd ſtands,
The bounteous Gods do ſhut their hands:
The ſnowy fleeces you have ſhorn,
And crop't the golden ears of corn;
Lyæus *blood is preſt and put*
Into the ſafe preſerving Butt:
There when the cold and bluſtring ayr
Invites you from the Plains, (yet fair)
To take warm ſhelters, that may keep
Your ſelves in health, and ek your ſheep.
Will into your numb'd limbs inſpire
An active and preſerving fire;
Let your expreſſions then be free,
And gently moving follow me

Aſcends to her Bower ſinging.

She ſings.

On Shepherds on, wee'l Sacrifice
Thoſe ſpotleſs Lambs we prize
At th'beſt rate, for Pan *doth keep*
From harm our ſcatt'ring ſheep:
And hath deſerved
For to be ſerved
With thoſe ye do eſteem the beſt
Amongſt the flock, as fitteſt for his feaſt.
Come Virgins, bring your garlands here,
And hang them every where:
Then let his Altars be o're ſpread

With

With Roſes freſh and red;
Burn Gums and Spice,
Rich Sacrifice.
The Gods ſo bounteous are, ye know
Ye mortals cannot pay them what ye owe.

ACT. 2. SCEN. 2.

Enter Philaritus *like a Shepherd.*

Phil. Here's harmleſſe mirth; ô 'tis a happineſſe
To be in ſuch ſweet company! who would
Not forſake all the riches of the world
For one he lov'd? Did ſhe but live as pure
As are thoſe ſouls contain'd in Shepherds weeds.
Oh Love! what man hath power to reſiſt
Thy piercing darts, which like a fatal lightning
Hurt not the skin nor fleſh, yet wound the heart?
I that this morning was my Fathers joy,
The ſole hope of his age and fortune, am
Become a ſtranger to his family;
By him exil'd, and thrown from all his cares;
I ſcarcely in this habit know my ſelf,
Yet I am happy in't, and ſhall be happier,
If *Ariſmena*, for whoſe ſake I ſuffer,
Smile on the change, ſhe's here, and with her
Enter Ariſmena *and* Caſtarina.
Her fair Companion *Caſtarina*; I'le
Obſcure my ſelf, and liſten to their talk.
Philaritus *creeps behind a Buſh.*

ACT. 2. SCEN. 3.

Caſt. Indeed *Ariſmena* I muſt chide you for't,
'Cauſe you are fair, indeed the faireſt Shepherdeſſe
In all *Arcadia*, muſt that make you cruel?
That Beauty would become you more, if you
Would ſhew you had a heart like other Nymphs;
Or if you cannot love, you need not ſcorn

Thoſe that expreſs their ſervice.

Ariſ. Thou art fooliſh,
I do 'em Juſtice; ſhould I ſmile upon
Their paſſions, and pity 'em, or but nouriſh
Their folly, they would more afflict themſelves,
And trouble me; I give 'em ſoon their anſwer,
Tell 'em what they ſhall truſt to, that they may not
Languiſh in expectation.

Caſt. Well, you have a heart-----

Ariſ. Yes, I feel it beat, but 'tis not yet
Infected with that miſchief you call Love,
Nor I hope ſha'not; but if Virgins lov'd
Themſelves, they would place a better guard about
Their boſomes, and preſerve their innocent freedome,
And not let every flattery betray 'em.
Give up their liberty for a ſong or ſigh
Of any whining Lover.

Caſt. Do you think
That no man can deſerve your love?

Ariſ. I ne're
Examine their deſerts, that may endanger me,
They'r all alike to me that court my favour.

Ariſmena ſings.

1 *Now fie on Love, it ill befits,*
Or man or woman know it,
Love was not meant for people in their wits,
And they that fondly ſhew it.
Betray their too much feather'd brains,
And ſhall have only Bedlam *for their pains.*
2 *To love, is to diſtract my ſleep,*
And waking, to wear fetters,
To love, is but to go to School to weep,
I'le leave it for my betters.
If ſingle love be ſuch a curſe,
To marry, is to make it ten times worſe.

Caſt. Come *Ariſmena*, you in vain do hide
Yourſelf from me, I ſee through your diſguize

'Tis

'Tis prety well diſſembled, but I know
Your heart is not ſo empty as you ſpeak it,
I know you love----
Ariſ. Whom prithee?
Caſt. Nay, he does
Preſerve you too, were you more fair, and to
That beauty had a ſoul above your Sex,
You know *Philaritus.*
Ariſ. Ha, ha, ha!
Caſt. A Gentleman,
Heir to *Cleobulus*, but his Fortune is
The leaſt addition, he is Fames darling,
And one whoſe ſervice is an heaven to you
Being but a Shepherdeſs.
Ariſ. But a Shepherdeſs!
Why *Caſtarina*, I do value my
Being a Shepherdeſs above all his hopes
And fortunes, nor ſhould change that honeſt title,
For all the honors of the Court, but, 'cauſe
It ſeems thou haſt opinion that I love him,
I'le clear my heart to thee, and hold it truth
What I affirme: 'Tis true *Philaritus*
Is a deſertfull Gentleman, and hath made
Expreſſe ſignes of his dear affection to me;
But by *Diana*'s ſelf, he is to me
In point of Love, no more then he that is
The rudeſt Shepherd of the Plain.
Caſt. No more;
I do believe you, and rejoyce to hear it,
For in her heart poor *Caſtarina* loves him,
Though he knew it not. Philaritus *comes from the Buſh.*
Ariſ. Who's that? Hath not
Some Shepherd overheard us?
Phil. Yes, but one
That ſhall take no delight to publiſh what
Concerns his own misfortune.
Ariſ. Is not this *Philaritus*?

Caſt. Turn'd Shepherd for your ſake :
How every garb doth become him ?
Phil. Do not
Fly me ſweet *Ariſmena*, for I bring
No danger to your perſon, ſooner death
With torture ſhould let fall his ſtrings upon
My heart, then once *Philaritus* ſhould bring
A thought that ſhould diſpleaſe fair *Ariſmena* ?
Ariſ. What is your will Sir, for I now have but
Short time for ſtay; and if your buſineſſe be
No other then you late propounded to me,
You need not a repetition,
Unleſſe you take delight to hear me ſay,
I cannot love ?
Phil. Why then I cannot live.
Ariſ. Yes, many a fair day, and enjoy a love
Of far more worth then *Ariſmena* is,
A fooliſh Shepherdeſſe.
Phil. He muſt not be
A man, and hold his life long, that ſhould dare
To ſpeak that language.
Ariſ. Well Sir, is this all
Th' affairs with me, the minutes call me hence.
Caſt. Poor *Caſtarina*, in what plight art thou — Philaritus *and*
To ſee the treaſure of thy heart ſlide from thee, — Ariſmena *talk*
And powre it ſelf into anothers Boſome : — *aſide.*
She is compos'd of tyranny; I ſhould not
Be ſo hard-hearted. would *Philaritus*
Direct his paſſions hither. Oh my Fate !
Ariſ. Indeed *Philaritus* I cannot help
All this, I'm not your Fathers Governour,
'Tis but your diſodedience, you may
Recover him again, if yon will take
My counſel, and throw off this fooliſh love;
Your Father's wife, and I am of his minde
Partly; you take a courſe to loſe your ſelf:
And where you urge the penance you are willing
To undergo for love of me, I anſwer,

As you cannot reſiſt what love compells you to,
I cannot help that I am not in love,
It is your fate to have too much, and I
Too little love, all this muſt be obey'd.

Caſt. Steel break his heart, let me adviſe you Sir
Be not too much dejected, this is but
A ſhort liv'd humour, I dare propheſie
You may be happy in your affection.

Phil. Make not my wound ridiculous I pray
By flatt'ring me with hope; ſhe is all marble.

Ariſ. Come *Caſtarina*; ſtay, is not that *Gracculus*?

Act. 2. Scen. 4.

Enter Gracculus.

Grac. I'm glad I have you, oh Miſtreſs.

Ariſ. What's the matter?

Grac. Feel here, and here, and indeed every where.

Ariſ. Haſt thou met with a *Satire*, thou art frighted?

Grac. Worſe, worſe, the devil would not have
Put me into this ſweat.

Caſta. Prethee ſpeak, Why art thou ſo diſtracted?

Ariſ. He bleeds too.

Grac. 'Twould make you mad to be us'd as I ha' bin, but that's
Not all; oh Miſtreſs, your Father and my Maſter,

Ariſ. Ah! What of him? is he ſick?

Grac. No, no; worſe, worſe:

Caſta. Is he dead?

Grac. Worſe, worſe, an he had been dead my head had not been broke, and my bones made powder in my skin, with his Sheephook.

Phil. What's the wonder?

Ariſ. Speak the worſt:

Grac. Why then he is poſſeſt

Ariſ. With an evill Spirit?

Grac. Yes the devil is in him I think, he came home in ſuch a fury, and has beaten us all round, the poor Whelp in the Chimney Corner for offering but to open his jaws, being newly waked

our

out of his dream with his thundring, and his brains beaten out, which the Cat perceiving, run mad out of the top of the Chimney: The firſt word he ſaid was, *Ariſmena*, *Ariſmena*, and becauſe you appear'd not, the next thing was a blow, this blood can witneſſe. I could ſcarce recover my tongue to tell him you were not within, but after half a dozen more knocks and kicks one with another, for I was not to chooſe, bad me run in the devils name and fetch you, and preſently, or go hang my ſelf; imagine I was glad to be out of his reach, and with as much haſt as my bruiſes would allow, I have ſought you up and down, now I have found you, pray come home, and know his meaning, I dare not appear without you, I muſt chooſe my tree elſe. Oh my ſhoulders! I think I were beſt hang my ſelf preſently to be out of my pain.

Ariſ. 'Tis very ſtaange, but *Caſtarina* come,
Nay, thou ſhalt bear me company, and help
To calm his paſſions. Farewell *Philaritus.*

Exeunt, all but *Philar.*

Phil. That word carries ſome comfort yet; Oh may
Bleſſings reward thy tongue for't; and yet 'tis,
If I remember, but the common word
At parting. *Farewell*, ſomething it contain'd
Once, but 'tis now grown empty, and no wiſh
Of happineſs: Was ever man thus loſt
I'th' labyrinth of Love, to Court my Miſtreſs
A flinty hearted woman? Oh my Stars!
You were ungentle to deſign me ſuch
A miſerable fate, to affect, where I am
Scorn'd, and have no power to withdraw
My heart from ruine; death were an eaſie change:
Why, I am in the way, it muſt needs break
My heart at laſt, I muſt once die, and 'tis
Better to die in love then otherwiſe. *Exit.*

Act. 2. Scen. 5.

Enter Lariſcus.

Lar. When by the current of you' Chriſtall ſtream
I ſate me down, a gentle ſlumber clos'd
Theſe wearied eyes, and dreams transforming love,
Made beauty ſeem imperfect in her ſelf,
For then, oh then, ſad thoughts diſturb'd my mind;
I ſigh't forth that, which in my knowing ſenſe
Was Hereſie to think; ſo pure I know
Was *Caſtarina*'s love, that to miſdoubt,
Were breach of faith, and yet ſuch fancies did
Ariſe within my troubled brain, I know
Not what to hope, or doubt. O fancy!
Thou works't too much upon my nature, and I
Am too too credulous of dreams; yet paſs
Thou ill ſuſpitions of my love, they ſhan't
Diſturb my reſt, which like to healthfull blood
Shall run in all my veins, and by my hopes
Create a new eſtabliſht peace, which ſhall
Extinguiſh fearfull thoughts, as *Lucifer*
Exhales the groſſer vapours from the earth.
Then till *Apollo's* Oracle propounds
More cauſe of fear, I'le hope the beſt; this ſweet *Soft Muſique within.*
Harmony tells me, I'm neer the ſacred place
Which will reſolve my doubts: And ſee! the Temple
Doors yeeld me a free acceſs unto his Throne;
Yet I'le forbear to ſpeak, till he have ceas'd
His Muſique on his charming Lyre.

A Scene *diſcovered, wherein* Apollo *is ſeen playing on his Harp, and two Sybils ſinging.* Apollo *falls from his former tone, and plays an Ayr, to which the Sybils ſing.*

ACTUS 2. SCEN. 6.

The Song.

WE to thy Harp Apollo *ſing,*
Whil'ſt others to thy Altars bring
Their humble prayers
For length of daies:
Or elſe for knowledge of their Fates,
Which by their prayers thou renovates,
And doſt renue
Not as their due,
But as their worth, incites thy love
To ſhower thy bleſſings from above. He kneels.

Lariſ. I am all wonder.
Thou who doſt all ſecrets know,
Vouchſafe for to deſcend ſo low,
As to reſolve a doubt which ſprings
From dreams, and ſuch ſad nightly things.
Shall Caſtarina *be my* Love?
Speak Apollo, *and if ſhe prove*
But kind unto my vowes, I ſwear
I'le offer Incenſe every year,
And oft my grateful thanks return,
And Spices on thy Alters burn.

Apollo. *Thou ſhalt finde croſſes in thy love,*
Yet time may make them bleſſings prove;
For when the Virgins o're her Hearſe,
Have plac't the Garland and ſad verſe,
And bath'd the cold earth with their tears,
Thy hope ſhall overcome thy fears.
And till that ſhe be dead, ſhall not
Enjoy her love: Unty the Knot. Apollo's *Scene cloſes up.*

Lar. Be clearer Oracle, and leave me not
In doubt: What! are your gates already ſhut
Open but once again, and ſpeak, although
Your voice be death, let not my trembling ſoul
Be torturd through deſpair, or elſe be griev'd
By vain expecting of my joyes. Say great

Apollo,

Apollo, Is ſhe mine? ---- Not a word.
Art thou grown deaf unto our prayers; then here
Begins my miſery; and where I did
Expect the clear unfolding of my doubts,
There I perceive a Riddle.---- I ſhall be
Croſt in my love, and yet from thence derive
New bleſſings. Can effects ſpring from a cauſe
'Has difference in th' extream? When ſhe is dead
I ſhall enjoy her love. With what delight
Can my flame meet her cold and uſeleſſe earth?
Or muſt I then form to my memory
Her living ſhape, and with deſire imbrace
That ſhadow, which my fancy now commands,
And when I pleaſe gives me poſſeſſion of.
The jugling God makes paſtime of my paſſions:
But why do I prophane? great Power forgive me,
'Tis a juſt puniſhment; for being curious
To know the myſtery of Fate, I muſt
Refer th' event to what is order'd by
The high diſpoſer of my deſtiny. *Exit.*

ACT. 3. SCEN. 1.

Enter three Satires.

1 COme on my fellow Satires, we will be
Still Maſters of the Woods, and pleaſe our ſelves
And our appetites, no matter though
The fooliſh Shepherds rail upon us, let us
Purſue our game, no Shepherdeſs ſhall ſcape us,
Unleſs they walk with ſtronger guard, and when
Men come like Armies to deſtroy us, we
Truſt to our nimble feet, and leave them curſing,
Becauſe they ha' not wings to overtake us.

2 The Nymphs, becauſe we are deform'd, contemn us,
But if we take them at advantage, we
Teach 'em repentance, and delight our ſelves
Upon their rape; the laſt I grappl'd with,
Was a delitious Thief.

3 Purſue your pleaſures;
Only I charge you, if in any walk
Of yours, the beautifull *Ariſmena*
Chance to appear, none touch her to offence;
And leſt your preſence fright her, haſt away,
She muſt be mine, although I 'mоſt deſpair:
That ſo much ſweetneſſe ſhould affect a Monſter,
For I have 'gainſt my nature courted her,
Lain proſtrate at her feet, with ſighs and tears
Beſought her to compaſſionate a heart
That langniſh'd for a kiſſe, ſtill ſhe has ſcorn'd me,
Next time I meet her at advantage, I
Will ſatisfie my full deſires upon her.
Omnes; We will obey.
All other of her tribe
Are free to you, but ſhe muſt be my prey:
Oh I am raviſhed but with the thought
How ſweet a piece of fleſh I ſhall compell
To ſerve my pleaſure; not a thouſand prayers
Nor rivers of her tears ſhall quench my luſt:
Methinks I have her at imbrace already;
We live to pleaſe our ſence, and wo'd not change
Our Goatiſh ſh pes with any ſoft humanity
To court a female, and be made their fools,
And die for love of any pieviſh Giglet.
2 Yet 'tis not much amiſſe to flatter them,
If ſo they may be won.
3 Right, but if they
Be obſtinate indeed, uſe violence,
And ſnatch your own delight from their fair Boſomes,
And glory in't; when we have broke their *Maiden-heads*
They'l ſerve a doting Shepherd. Come be frolique,
And leap into a dance to practiſe our
Activity, the place is moſt ſecure:
Luſtily Pipes; I am all fire methinks.

As the Satires are dancing, another Satire comes in, pulling Graculus *by the heels, by crying.*

Grac.

Grac. Oh good Mr. Satire! Ah! ah!

They continue their dance about him, pinching and kicking him; which done.

How came you by this fellow?

Grac. He came not by me, but overtook me an't pleaſe you, a pox on his heels. Oh! what will become of me?

I, here's right, out of the frying pan into the fire.

My Maſter has half thraſht me to death-----

1 Your Maſter, what's your Miſtreſſe?

Grac. My Maſter is the Shepherd *Brachius*,

Father of the fair *Ariſmena.*

1 *Ariſmena*, ha!

2 What ſhall we do with him?

3 Hang him up on the next tree,

Grac. Ah! if you hang me, I ſhall never be my own man again: Ah!

2 Let's tear him to pieces,

4 Limb by limb,

3 Roaſt him, and eat him,

Hee'l make a feaſt, the fool is fat.

Grac. You'l never endure my fleſh in your mouths Gentlemen; Ah!

2 What not yours?

Grac. Alas I am not ſweet, do not yout worſhips ſmell me; 'tis rank within my lynings.

2 No, be adviſed by me, this fellow I have heard runs neighing after the Wenches, the firſt thing we do

Let's geld him;

Omnes agreed.

2 I have an excellent Whittle to cut

His throat, or to carve him, Come Sirrah.

Grac. D'ye hear ſweet-fac'd Gentlemen, you talk of hanging, I'le chooſe my Gallows, I, let me be truſt up before you untruſſe me, O that faſhion let me die a man, and not a Capon! Oh miſery! Alas I have nothing to ſpeak on! Ah! ah! If ever I neighed after any Female, or beckoned, or whiſtled, but to Boptaile our Bitch, that helps me to look to our ſheep, and kennells with me, which I hope is no offence; or flung ſo much

as a wanton eye upon any Cream-fac'd Shepherdeſſe in *Arcadia*, let me whipt to death with Nettles, or flea me alive: Oh courteous, hairy, hoary, Satyrical Gentlemen.

1 I have conſidered, ſtand off, and I'le pronounce his ſentence.

2 You had better have been hang'd at firſt, as I wo'd had you.

3 Or roaſted, flead, or any thing,---- he'l pay you----

4 Or carv'd, as you were advis'd; he'l torture you, prepare to be ſeven years a dying.

Grac. Oh! do, do what you pleaſe with me, I ſhall not need to make my will, or if I did, you wo'not let me go home to fetch what I would beſtow upon you in Legacies, and to truſt any of you to be my Executors, is to no purpoſe; you have frighted me half dead already. Now, now.

1 Do you ſerve the fair *Ariſmena*?

Grac. I ha' not ſerv'd out my time, would you would give me leave to deſerve Indentures.

1 What will you do to ſave your life now?

Grac. Do? why if it pleaſe you to command me, I will do any thing, oh! any thing, to pleaſe any of your friends here to give their conſent, and be bound hand and foot, I'le cut their throats.

2. 3. 4. Ha!

Grac. If you be ſo contented.

1 Will you promiſe, nay ſwear to bring your Miſtreſs to this place to morrow, pretending you have found out ſome Fountain or delightful Spring, or what other invention you can tempt her with, but let no body elſe come with her.

Grac. She ſhall come by this hand, is that all? If I do not tice her hither, why carve me when you take me next, as that will not be long, if I perform not my Covenants, do what you will with me; we two will meet you here.

1 Not meet me, not a word of me, or any of my Companions.

Grac. D'ye think I am ſuch an Aſſe? what care I who meets, you'l do me no hurt.

2 Nor her, we'l only be merry, and dance a little.

Grac. Nay uſe your pleaſures, I'le bring her, or let me be gor'd to death with your Worſhips horns.

1 I'le truſt thee, farewell, if you fail, look to't. *Exeunt.*

Grac. I muſt keep my oath, and bring her hither, or they'l

ſirk

firk me when they catch me again: But ſhe's my Miſtreſs, what then? and may--- thereby hangs a tale, hum! Why there's no great harm if they do but ----- and ſo let her go, ſhe'l paſſe for a Maid a reaſonable while after this letcherous Goat has a mind to her, no matter, I ſhall be thought innocent, and preſerve my skin from their fangs by it.

I ſave my ſelf, I'de give my Siſter, Wife,
And almoſt hang my ſelf to ſave my life. *Exit.*

Act. 3. Scen. 4.

Entir Bracheus, Ariſmena, *and* Caſtarina.

Ariſ. Sir, be aſſur'd you have a Daughter, whoſe
Happineſſe conſiſteth more in being
A ſubject to your will, then could ſhe boaſt
The mighty treaſure of the *Indian* Mines.

Brac. Say'ſt thou ſo Girle? 'tis well, very well ſaid,
And yet there's ſomething in a corner of
Thy eye, makes me ſuſpect, doſt weep?

Ariſ. If any ſorrow Sir appear in me,
It is that you ſuſpect me to diſſemble.
Indeed I ſpeak with freedome of my heart,
I never lov'd *Philaritus*, nor will.

Brac. Nor will: how's that? not if I ſhould cōmand.
How now? you go too far.

Ariſ. Sir, you amaze me.

Brac. I am amaz'd my ſelf, and half diſtracted,
But look you do not love him; if he have
By any ſecret Love trick crept into
Your heart, out with him, tear him out again
Upon my bleſſing: 'Cauſe he's a Gentleman,
Muſt we be trod upon? our ſouls are free
And high as his: What, I am *Bracheus* ſtill,
And thou art *Ariſmena* ſtill, my Daughter,
Obedient I hope; ha! art thou not?
And he is but *Cleobulus*, a man
Of more eſtate, more dirt, and dunghill acres;

Wears

Wears richer cloaths, and feeds more daintily,
Yet he's but fleſh and blood, his Son too good
To look on *Ariſmena*, threatned and curſed
For loving thee, he ſha'not need, he ſha'not.

Ariſ. Indeed he has often woo'd me Sir, and I
As often have denied, for truſt me Sir
I cannot love at all yet, and 'twere ſtrange
If he ſhould creep into my good opinion,
And I not know on't: Willingly I would
Not dream I lov'd him, but if waking we
Joyn our affections, I muſt loſe my reaſon.

Caſta. So, ſo, this makes for me, how it doth joy
My heart to hear 'em both ſo peremptory?

Brac. His Father told me ye had both chang'd hearts,
Which was no ſmall vexation, to hear
My Daughter had beſtowed her ſelf without
My knowledge and conſent.

Ariſ. Sooner ſhould I
Have thrown my ſelf on ſome devouring Beaſt,
Then yeeld my heart to proud *Philaritus*
Without your will.

Brac. I 'ave found thee hitherto
A dutifull child, and on the full aſſurance
Of what thou ſpeak'ſt is truth, I wiſh all bleſſings
Be powr'd into thy lap Girle, and ſo I leave thee.
He offers to go, and comes back.
But if you play falſe play, and juggle with 'em,
D'ye hear? I ſay no more, and yet I'le ſpeak it,
I'le turn thee graying with the Flock, and curſe thee.

Ariſ. Sir, my obedience ſhall deſerve your bleſſing.

Brac. Kneel down, and take it, and a kiſſe, go too,
I'le not ſuſpect thee now, my heart's unquiet,
But 'twill I hope come to his own again.
Farewell *Caſtarina*, you love my Daughter,
Counſell her not to love *Philaritus*. *Exit.*

Caſta. Moſt heartily, I hope ſhe wont Sir.

Ariſ. Now *Caſtarina*, am I worth your credit,
Are you confirm'd *Philaritus* has no Engagement here.

Caſta. You told me ſo before.

ACT 3. SCEN. 5.

Enter Bracheus.

Brach. Daughter, a word, my mind is chang'd, and I
Conſider if you do affect *Philaritus*
It can be no diſhonor; and his Father *Enter* Philaritus, *and*
Sayes he does love thee infinitely, beſides *over-hears.*
He is a prety handſome, prety Gentleman.

Phil. What do I hear? her Father ſpeak ſuch kind
And loving language to *Ariſmena*
Of loſt *Philaritus*: oh happineſſe!

Brac. And he has had good breeding, he ſhall have
A good eſtate, being his Fathers Heir.

Ariſ. How's this? But Sir, you ſaid his Father had
Quite thrown him off for his affection
To me.

Brac. Indeed he threatned ſome ſuch matter,
But things may eaſily be reconcil'd,
And he may be reduc'd to love him Girle
When things are done, therefore be wiſe.

Ariſ. Thus low,
And lower in my heart, I ſpeak my duty,
You gave me life, but good Sir take 't not from me
E're you compell your Daughter 'gainſt her heart
To love and marry with *Philaritus.*
Though other eyes and judgements give him all
The praiſe a young man can deſerve, to me
He holds no ſubſtance, a meer Apparition;
And ſo with my conſent he vaniſhes.

Brac. Again, again, let me imbrace my Girle
To my own heart, it was but my deſire
To try thee again, I hate him and *Cleobulus,*
And to the grave ſhall follow thee with more
Comfort, then to his Marriage. Now farewell,
Be conſtant Girle, and bleſſe thy aged Father. *Exit.*

Caſta. He's ſtrangely troubled.

Phil. Oh my grieved ſoul!

Caſt. Ha! is't not *Philaritus*?

Ariſ.

Ariſ. Away, I wo' not ſtay to hear him ſpeak. *Exit.*

Caſt. You muſt alone then *Ariſmena*, for
I cannot go ſo ſo—

Phil. She flies my ſight;
As I appear'd ſome ugly killing Serpent,
Yet *Caſtarina* ſtayes. Pray was not that
Fair *Ariſmena* that went hence? and yet
You may be ſilent ſtill, I know 'twas ſhe;
Sure I want eyes to look upon my ſelf,
And there is ſome deformity my ſight
Cannot diſcover; what think you, am I
So ſtrange a Monſter?

Caſt. You are fair and comely
In my opinion.

Phil. You are charitable,
Would *Ariſmena* thought ſo; and yet why
Do I purſue my torment; if ſhe ſcorn me,
Why do I place her here, ſo neer my heart?

Caſt. Be wiſe *Philaritus*.

Phil. You counſell well.

Caſt. And love, where you may finde your love rewarded.

Phil. Sure there is none that can affect *Philaritus*;
Why bluſh you *Caſtarina*?

Caſt. Would you could ſo eaſily read my heart.

Phil. I have it,
It may do me good, this is a gentle Shepherdeſſe,
Forgive me heart if I diſſemble with thee:
Fair Shepherdeſs, you have been witneſs to
My Loves ſad ſtory; and when *Ariſmena*
Was cruell to my vows, you ſeem'd to bear
A part of grief with me, and that deſerves
My thanks, I wo'd ſay love, if you accuſe not
My change too ſoon. She cruell hath deſpis'd me,
And Juſtice bids me puniſh her, and bleſſe
My ſelf, by off'ring to your care my heart.

Caſt. Philaritus doth mock poor *Caſtarina*.

Phil. She comes too faſt upon me, yet I know not, *Ariſmena*
A woman's heart is fathomleſſe, ſhe's return'd. *enters.*

If

If you ſweet *Caſtarina* ſmile upon me
I'le quickly bury *Ariſmena's* frownes
In thoſe fayre Eyes.

Act. 3. Scen. 6.

Ariſ. What do I ſee and hear!
So ſoon turn'd Votatrie to *Caſtarina*
Oh man where is thy faith! yet I deſerve it
My heart 's too great to ſpeak to him, I finde
A mutinie in my thoughts, who's this *Lariſcus.*

Enter Lariſcus.

The Shepheard that affecteth *Caſtarina*
The object will as little pleaſe his Eyes
For ſhe is taken with *Philaritus.*
Kiſſe and embrace.

Act. 3. Scen. 7.

Lar. Oh cruell *Caſtarina*!
Is this th' reward of all my loving ſervice?
This ſight afflicts me, is *Philaritus*
My rivall? and by deſtiny appointed
The barr to all my hopes, If I miſtake not
Report ſpeaks his devotion directed
Only to *Ariſmena*, She's here too
A witneſſe of his falſhood. How do you
Affect their Actions *Ariſmena*?

Ariſ. You.
Are not too much delighted I imagine,
They are both falſe, Oh for revenge! I'le do't
Why ſhould we be ſo tame? *Philaritus*
Is perjur'd.

Lar. *Caſtarina* is too cruell.

Ariſ. Be rul'd by me and puniſh 'em.

Lar. They obſerve us.

Ariſ. It ſhall but vex their Eyes, Let us ſeeme loving.

Phil. *Lariſcus* and *Ariſmena* they embrace.

Caſt. And ſo let us.
Phil. By Jove, playes with his hayre,
He kiſſes her, was I thus ſcorn'd for him
I am not well — Ariſmena *and* Lariſcus
Good *Caſtarina* leave me. — *paſs by hand embracing*
Exeunt.

Caſt. Not well, defend good Heaven! where is your paine?
Phil. Here at my heart.
Caſt. At your heart.
Phil. Nay then I ſhall finde you will be another
Diſeaſe to me, pray have me.
Caſt. How's this poor *Caſtarina.* *Exit.*
Phil. Me thinks all this might have an eaſie cure
A little blood dram'd from the heart would doe it
And then I am reveng'd, no I am then
A greater triumph to her pride, no woman
Is worth our ſmalleſt part of life, and man
Betrayes a Cowardize for a wantons ſcorn
To practiſe wounds upon himſelfe; yet I
Muſt not be altogether tame and ſuffer
There is a ſubject fit for my revenge
Lariſcus muſt not long enjoy his breath
Or I muſt ſacrifice my ſelfe to death. *Exit.*

Act. 3. Scen. 8.

Enter Lariſcus *with a paper in his hand.*

Lar. 'Tis more then I expected, for I meant
To take revenge on thee *Philaritus.*
Lariſcus.
The injury done me by thy ambition and courtſhip of *Ariſmena* is no way to be pardoned, if thou haſt any ſpirit meet me at *Apollo's* Oake this afternoone, where I will either puniſh thy inſolence, or with my owne blood write my ſelfe *Ariſmena's* ſacrifice. *Philaritus.*
Had I not known the faire *Caſtarina.*
Or thy accompliſh't vertues, this had bin
A cauſe ſufficient to inflame my blood.

But

But as thou art the ſubject of my thoughts
This will encreaſe my zealous flame, and whil'ſt
Philaritus thinks *Ariſmena* ſteels
My poynt, tis thou adds vigour to my arme
Faire *Caſtarina's* written here and in
Each wound I make ſweet *Caſtarina* ſhall
Be read. Yet ſtay! Coole thy ſtrong paſſions harte
Let not fond Love be blinde, uſe reaſon ere
Thou fight'ſt and weigh what in a woman can
Deſerve a wound. Why *Caſtarina's* faire,
And ſeems to have a Soul above her Sex
That may enflame my heart. Oh no! She may
But ſeem a glorious Star, and then in what
A caſe is poor *Lariſcus* in when he
Shall wound *Philaritus* and finde his Love
Beneath his thoughts 'twould be a Corraſive
Beyond a Cure, and does already make
Me hinge like to a doubtfull needle drawn
Betwixt two Loadſtones, which at once inclines
To both and neither; Yet vaniſh all ſuch thoughts
They are moſt falſe be then reveng'd *Lariſcus*
And meet the fury of thy enemies ſpeare
Whoſe flatteries have deſtroy'd thy hope in feare,
Now cruell *Caſtarina* if I dye
There is an end of Lovers miſerie.

Exit drawing the Challenge.

Act. 3. Scen. 9.

Caſtarina. Sola.

I Have diſcovered his intention
To court my beauty, that he might appear
In his neglect, to *Ariſmena*; more
Deſir'd by her; 'Tis our generall humor,
And I my ſelfe would now enjoy *Lariſcus*
Becauſe he now neglects me. But my feares
Will not allow me to believe it poſſible
Let it be ordered then by Providence

And Time, Whats here conteyned, ah! a Challenge *She takes*
Sent from *Philaritus* unto *Lariſcus*. *up the Challenge.*
Oh my Stars happy influence! they have made me
The means for bles't prevention of their ruines
'Twixt whom their owne diſſembling hath begot
A mutuall jealouſie. I muſt be ſuddaine
Not dally with occaſion! 'Tis our Fate
To increaſe our loves by others ſeeming hate. *Exit.*

ACT. 3. SCEN. 10.

Enter Graculus *and* Ariſmena.

Ariſ. This place will yeild an Eccho to thy voyce,
Come therefore *Graculus*, Let's paſſe the time
More pleaſantly, you have a merry Song I know.

Grac. Truth Miſtris, you know my Songs they are rude, Yet ſuch as Nature, not Art, hath taught me
I'le power into your eares.

Graculus *ſings.*

1.

I am in love and canot wooe
Heigho! Heigho! what ſhall I doe,
I gape and figh and ſometimes weepe
For Phillis *that my heart doth keepe.*

2

I love her haire and forehead high
Then am I taken with her eye,
Her cheeke I doe commend for gay
But then her noſe hang's in my way.

3

Her lipps I praiſe but then ſteps in
Her white and pretty dimpled chinn,
But there her neck I doe behold
Fit to be hung with chaines of Gold.

4

Her breaſts are ſoft as any downe
Beneath which lies her Maiden Towne,

So

So ſtrong and fortified within
In vaine I hope to take it in.

Ariſ. Excellently ſung *Graculus.*

Grac. Nay I have a voyce, and had not my Maſters beating and a cruell fright ſtuck by me, I had ſung moſt melodiouſly.

Ariſ. What fright's this you talke of ?

O Miſtreſs about this place, I, here about a *Satyre* met me, and ſo miſuſed me, as had I not been more then man I could nere have liv'd, the very ſignes of their nipping me are like embroidery on my fleſh, Oh ! doe not touch me 'tis a paine to think on them. *Satyre* appearing, *Exit Graculus.*

Act. 3. Scen. II.

Sat. I ſeaze you cruel faire one ; but from thoſe Lipps
Will force no amorous Kiſſe, if your pure ſoule
Denies me one, I will but aſpire
So high as to ſalute your hand, and if
With freedome you ſhall grant me that, I'le boaſt
How much I am oblig'd.

Ariſ. Dare not to touch. *He flyes from her.*

Sat. See brightfull Star, your voyce has ſhrunk me back
And I lie proſtrate at your feet, nor from the Earth
Will raiſe my trembling joynts, till that clear voyce
Which ſtruck me down ſhall raiſe me from the ground
And by your genuine voyce create my ſoule
As pure from dregs of Earth, as yours.

Ariſ. 'Tis well
This language argues more then what you ſeeme
And could almoſt intice me to beleive
I might ſhake off the feare, which doth ariſe
From ſight of your grim ſhape, yet ſtill thoſe looks
Thoſe ravenous looks affright my heart, and I
cannot be ſafe midſt ſuch deformity.

Sat. O ſtay ! Let not this outward ſhape amaze
Your brighter ſelfe ; The minde that's faire may well
Excuſe what Nature hath miſhap't. Grant that
Shee had beſtow'd as comely parts upon

This

This outward forme as ere *Narciſcus* had
Yet if the minde had bin miſhap'd the man
Would (like ſome curious peice of Marble) ſeeme
A glorious forme, and wo'nt the rich endowments
Of the inward man; Vertue and wit, thoſe parts
Which make him different from a moving ſtatue.
Ariſ. Riſe from the moyſt bedewing Earth, your tongue
Has won ſo much, that I'le admit your touch
My hand.
Sat. Which with Devotion I will Kiſſe.
Ariſ. So you'l wiſh no more.
Sat. One touch upon that Lip
And I have done.
Ariſ. I grant ſo you'l be gone.
Sat. Not yet, this Kiſſe has raviſht me, and now
You have betraied your ſelfe, it had bin eaſie
To give ore when I was conquer'd by your ſpeech
But now I have taſt thoſe ſweets which hangs upon
Your Lips, you may expect the day and night
As ſoone ſhould meet as I not Kiſſe againe
Ariſ. O I'm undone.
Sat. No faire one I can leave
Immodeſt Kiſſe, and love intirely love
Thoſe noble parts that grace thy better ſelfe
What though thou ſeeſt me rude? yet in this ſhape
There is a ſoule can honour thee, and I
Muſt now imbrace thee as my Joy.
Ariſ. Defend
Me Powers.
Sat. From what?
Ariſ. From Raviſhing.
Sat. None means
So bad, or ill a deed; the gentile breath
Which from the *Phœnix* neſt perfumes
The roſie morn, Is not more chaſt then I
The Idolater adoreth not his Idol
With greater reverence then I will you.
Ariſ. Horror!

Sat.

Sat. Why
Thus paſſionate? No mortall payes Devotion
With greater zeal unto his private Larr
Then I my duty faire to you.
Arif. I dare not hear. *She offers to go.*
Sat. You muſt and ſhall, for if you do not turn
Your frowns to ſmiles, I ſhall but force that from
Your breſt which might be freely gain'd.
Arif. Deliver Gods!
Sat. By all you name you ſtir not hence, the flame that's kindled here will not be ſo ſuppreſt
Either conſent to be my mate, or from
Your boſome I will pluck my own delights.
Arif. O helpe.
Deliver Stars from ſuch a curſed fate!
Sat. Nay then I muſt be bold and force you render up
Your cold Virginity unto my greedy luſt. *As the* Satyre *is taking up* Ariſmena, *Enters* Philaritus *& wounds him: the* Satyr *lies on the Stage as dead.*
Aſſiſt you Powers aſſiſt.

Act. 3. Scen. 12.

Enter Philaritus, *who wounds the* Satyre.

Phil. Curſt be thy letchrous ſoule, may all thy ſtock
Periſh in thee
Sat. Oh I am ſlaine. *He falls.*
Phil. Why ſtand you trembling? wipe all palenes from
Your cheeks, here's none to fright you here
But poore *Philaritus*, and in his ſoule
You may repoſe your peacefull reſt, he which
Has ventur'd thus, will think no blood his own
If it be kept from being ſpilt, when he
May ſpend it in your ſervice.
Arif. You have Sir
Engag'd me beyond my deſert, and though
Ariſmena be a woman and can repay
Nought but her thanks, yet thoſe ſhall be ſo oft

And

And juſtly paid to you, that all the world
Shall know my heart is not ungratefull
For ſo great a favour.
Phil. You may be pleas'd
Ariſmena to finde a thing more gratefull
Then formall thanks, if you'l return your love
Twill make me happie, and renew a life
For truſt me I doe wonder how I live
Without your reſignation of my heart
Which you have faire one, and I cannot laſt
Unleſſe you give it back
Ariſ. I doe reſigne it
Moſt willingly. I claime no title in it.
Phil. But yet you cannot for indeed my heart
Is bound with yours, and unleſſe you beſtow
Your own I muſt be voyd, no heart can be
Encircled in this breſt but yours.
Ariſ. Why? you
Would not have me pluck out my heart to have
it ſwallowed.
Phil. You 're pleas'd to jeaſt, you know my
Meaning, and if you will can add a joy
To my ſick ſoule
Ariſ. You'l have me render then
Love back for love, why that I cannot doe
Phil. Why *Ariſmena*, why? have I deſerv'd
So ill that you ſhonld kill me for my faith
And make another rich in your affection.
Ariſ. Sure you are chang'd and this is but pretence
Caſtarina is your love, and had you bin
Lover of me, as you would ſeem, ſhe had nere
Bin courted by *Philaritus*.
Phil. How like the Ivie hath my heart deſir'd
To ſhew by what embraces I would hold you
I have no loving thought on other beauty
You 're life, and from your ſmiles I gaine
My bliſſe.
Ariſ. If then your bliſſe conſiſts in me

I'me

I'm ſorry that my eyes invite my heart
To grant another ſuite, for truſt me Sir
I could wiſh (in the requitance of this
Laſt favour) that I could beſtow my heart
On you, which ſince I dare not doe I take
My leave, and wiſh you reſt for your own ſake.
Phil. Stay yet and hear me a few words, I know not
How long I have to live, and rather then
Be puniſht thus with your continual ſcorne,
I'le put on wings to meet death; but be ſure
My troubled ſpirit ſhall purſue thee living,
And repreſent my paſſions, and not leave thee
Till thou by ſuch a cruelty as thy owne
From him whom thou affecteſt beſt, ſhall ſuffer
As I have done, and dye to meet me in
The gloomy ſhades of lovers.
Ariſ. Fare you well Sir, I'le think on't. *Exit* Ariſmen.
Phil. Why do'ſt not break thou fooliſh heart, but thou
May be art deſtin'd for *Lariſcus* ſword.
Death will be happineſſe, I'le kiſſe that fate
Rather then live the object of her hate. *Exit* Philaritus.
Sat. Miſchiefe purſue you both, he wounded me,
But not I hope to death, though I ſeem'd ſo
I'le be reveng'd upon you both for this
I fear I bleed too inward, If I die,
My curſes ſhall procure their Tragedie.

ACT. IV. SCEN. I.

Enter Bracheus.

Brac. HOw vaine unbridled youth is that's ore ſway'd
By giddy paſſion reſolutely hazard
For ſatisfaction of their triviall rage
Their ſoules eternitie? *Caſtarina*
Hath inform'd me that young *Philaritus*
And *Lariſcus* doe intend to venter
Like Prodigal gameſters, at one caſt, the ſtock

Of both their live and fortunes: Prevention
Muſt be ſoone appli'd, or their too much heat
May prove their utter ruine; and though *Cleobulus*
Count me the object of his ſcorne, my care
ſhall give him notice of their wilde intents.

Enter Coridon.

Good day to you Sir, may I deſire you would
Let your Maſter know I'de ſpeak with wit him.

Corrid. I ſhall. *Exit.*

Brac. Perhaps *Cleobulus*, whoſe ſcrupulous ſoule
Is apt to make a queſtion of my faith
May judge this act a flattery, a pretence
Of ſeeming frendſhip that with more ſafety
Philaritus may obtaine his deſire
Of *Ariſmena*, then to hazard
him to the danger of *Lariſcus* ſpear.
But theſe are vaine ſurmiſes; my intents
Are plaine and verteous, and good actions ever
How ere miſcontrived carries their reward
Still with themſelves.

Act. 4. Scen. 2.

Enter Cleobulus.

Cleob. Would you with me?

Brac. Yes.

Cleob. Speak your intents.

Brac. *Philaritus*——

Cleob. Shall not injoy your daughter.

Brac. 'Tis not my ſuite.

Cleob. Say y'ſo Sir, I ſhall with far more patience hear you.

Brac. Briefly thus
I am inform'd, and tis a ſerious truth
Your ſonne *Philaritus* (whoſe noble ſoule
Cannot indure a Rivall in his Love)
Hath ſent a Challenge to *Lariſcus*
O Sir think what deſerved pitty 'twill excite

In

In every honeſt boſome, that two ſuch plants
Should be cut off from earth ere their full growth
As by a violent Tempeſt, So, or one
Or both are like to periſh, for this morne
They are reſolv'd to try their skill at Armes.
Cleob. Which you would have me to prevent?
Brac. It is your part.
Cleob. Ah, Ah, Ah;
You are miſtaken then, for well I finde
Your aime, and ſee you do contrive this plot
To win me to conſent *Philaritus*
Should marry *Ariſmena*; but you are too
Too young to cheat a Fox, and therefore
Ought to take more ſubtiler wayes then this
Why you contemn'd my Sonne but now, and if
That rage ſprang from the heart, you would be glad
He ſhould receive the danger you pretend.
Brac. My rage was grounded here, and know right Sir
I cannot, neither will I now repent
What then my paſſion utter'd, I have more
Of man within me, yet ſee here's the Challenge
Sent from *Caſtarina*, which I will keepe
Though eminent miſchiefe follow; I'd little thought
This diſcovery of your Sons danger wo'd
Have merited this entertainment.
So your beſt fate protect you. *Exit.*
Cleob. May be
That *Bracheus* is noble in his thoughts
And truly doth intend the good of young
Philaritus: Why ſhould he elſe affirme
Hee has the the challenge? and means nothing elſe
But friendſhip with *Cleobulus*? I was
Too haſty in my ſpeech, and therefore will
Send for him back; within there tell *Bracheus*
I'd ſpeak with him.

Enter Coridon.

Cor. I ſhall Sir. *Exit.*
Cleob. If now

I ſee the Challenge, I ſhall ſoon perceive
Whether it be *Philaritus* his hand
Or no, and then I ſoon ſhall finde his plot.

Act. 4. Scen. 3.

Enter Bracheus.

Brac. Did you ſend for me ?

Cleob. I would
Acknowledge that I was too raſh for to
Suſpect your goodneſſe ere I had a cauſe
Sufficient for my ground, and therefore would——

Brac. Have me produce the reaſons which occaſion'd
My former ſpeech to you.

Cleob. Tis my ambition.

Brac. Nay ſince you urge my anger, you ſhall know
I ſlight as much your fury as your love :
Nor ſhall you by entreaties win me to
Prevent the mention'd danger ; He who can
Be ſo unjuſt as to miſdoubt my truth,
Shall periſh in his ignorance, before
A ſillable I utter ſhall deliver
Him from his ſuddaine ruine.

Cleob. I pray be'nt ſo reſolute,
I ſhall be diligent unto your ſpeech,
And weigh each word that iſſues from your tongue,
And ſtudy how to ſhew my ſelfe your friend.

Brac. My rage is not malitious, like a ſpark
Of fire by ſteel inforc'd out of a flint,
It is no ſooner kindled, but extinct.
This paper will inform you all. *He gives him a paper.*

Cleob. Tis ſo, my Son has challenged *Lariſcus*
Into the field. O Fate !

Brac. Fear not, If you
Have but a forward will to act what I
Shall counſell, doubt not, your affaires ſhall meet
A fortunate Iſſue.

Cleob. O how I pray !

Brac.

Brac. Your eare. *They whiſper.*
Cleob. You councell well, you and my better Fate,
And by this means will cure their bloody hate. *Exeunt.*

Act. 4. Scen. 4.

Enter Satyre *Solus.*

Sat. The paine of my late wound hath rob'd my ſpirits
Of ſtrength and uſe : the blood that won't to dance
Through the concaves of my veines, now moves
With a dull beating in my quiet pulſes,
And I begin to faint. Thou gentle earth
Allow me what ſweet comfort reſt affords,
And let thy verdant boſome be my bed.
He lyes down.

Act. 4. Scen. 5.

Enter Graculus.

Grac. I am a rogue and deſerve hanging for betraying my poor Miſtreſſe : She 's toſſed and tumbled by this time : Let me ſee.
Sat. Oh !
Grac. Thats not her voyce, ha ! the Goats ! the Satyrs ! Where's my Miſtreſſe, he has not eaten her I hope.
Sat. Help me I am wounded.
Grac. And if I did think ſo, I would be more familiar.
Sat. I cannot goe, help I ſhall bleed to death.
Grac. He 's almoſt kild. Firſt my letcherous friend Where 's my Miſtreſſe ?
Sat. She was reſcu'd by a man has almoſt ſlaine me.
Grac. Now I have a great minde to kill him outright, however I will dominere Where's your hurt ?
Sat. Here, oh ! thou doſt paine me.
Grac. Would you have a Surgeon ; you ſhall be hang'd firſt.
Sat. Sweet friend aſſiſt me.

Grac.

Grac. Now I will make amends for all, and carry this Satyre home to our houſe, where we will whip him twice a day; and after the maides have gelded him, I will hang up in our chimney to dry for bacon. Sirrah you are no raſcall, you deſerve not to be firk'd and jerk'd and yerk'd: my dogg a mountaine, you are wilde, I'le tame you now I think on't, what if I cut out his eyes and then ſhew him upon market dayes to the *Aradians* where every man and maide will give money to have a laſh at him like a b inde Bear.e What doe you think of a wench you peſtiferous goat, you muſt be rutting, and no fleſh ſerve you but my Miſtriſs, come I'le bring you to them ſhall coole your liver.

Sat. Gently, oh gently, gentle Shepheard oh I ſhall dye.

Grac. Not till we 'ave done, you muſt have your carnallity, I was pincht and trod on, you dogs face, does your abominable worſhip remember? and threatn'd on perill of my life to pimpe for your beſtiality, well there is no remedy you ſhall upon my back to the houſe of correction.

Sat. Deare friend uſe mercy, I repent.

Grac. Friend and mercy, Yes I will be your friend to help you to a dog whip, and mercy in abundance I ſay.

As Graculus *is taking him up, the* Satyre *takes him in his armes and carries him away.*

Grac. Oh Mr. *Satyre*
Gentile Mr. Goat, I did but jeſt.

Sat. You ſhall be hang'd in earneſt.

Grac. Help, a Rape, Mudrer, Fellony, Oh! I am undone I ſhall be eaten up alive. *Exit.*

Act. 4. Scen. 6.

Enter Philaritus *and* Lariſcus *with ſpeares.*

Phil. I love thee yet *Lariſcus* for thy boldneſſe
To meet an enemy and could wiſh thy error
To 'ave bin unborn, but cannot bear an injury
So great as to corrival my affection
In beautious *Ariſmena.*

Lar. Thy own tongue
Betrayes a cauſe that makes thee worth my killing
Thy guilt of flattering my *Caſtarina.*

Come

Come fight, and let our courage meet and execute,
Not talke.

Phil. Revenge hath wings, thou needs not call it
Upon thee with more haſt.

They fight.

Act. 4. Scen. 7.

Enter Ariſmena and Caſtarina with Bowes and Arrowes.

Ariſ. Hold.

Caſt. Stay.

Ariſ. An other duell muſt be fought, this place
Is ours.

Caſt. If *Philaritus* attempt
A wound upon *Lariſcus*, here
I'le puniſh it with *Ariſmena's* death.

Ariſ. And if *Lariſcus* hurt *Philaritus*
Within the boſome of *Caſtarina*
I'le hide this killing Arrow : never look
With wonder at us, you kill one another
And ſend your fooliſh Ghoſts to raile at us :
No, rather let us execute, and ſave
That cruelty upon our ſelves, you being
Men that are troubleſome to the world and us.

Phil. Oh here, make me happy *Ariſmena*
My breaſt will meet thy ſhaft.

Ariſ. Stand faire.

Lar. And mine
Shall glory to be piere'ſt by *Caſtarina*.

Caſt. Have at you then

Ariſ. Thus doe I ſhoot a kiſſe.

Caſt. And thus I aime at thee.

Make as though they would ſhoot, but fling away their Bowes & imbrace.

Ariſ. Pardon my dear *Philaritus* I have
With too much tryall of thy love offended
If not too late, here I reſigne my heart
In ſatisfaction, and am thine, without
Affection to *Lariſcus*, with whom I

Con-

Conſpir'd to make thee think we lov'd each other
Upon thy courtſhip unto *Caſtarina*,
Who told me of your meeting, and contention
Which now muſt dye in your embracing us.
Phil. I am extas'd with joy.
Caſt. And am I welcome ?
Lar. To my heart.
Caſt. If all ſeconds were ſo carefull to
Compound, there would not be ſo many ſlaine.
Ariſ. Here we begin our joyes.
Phil. May they laſt ever.

ACT. 4. SCEN. 8.

Enter Satyrs. *Some ſeize upon the weapons, and others carry away* Ariſmena *and* Caſtarina.

Ariſ. Help !
Caſt. Helpe !
Phil. Villains ! Devils !
Sat. You come upon your death. *Exeunt* Satyrs.
Lar. They have our ſpears.
Phil. That I could look 'em dead, the ſlaves out fly
The winde, they 're gone, they 're loſt for ever,
Our heaven but now diſcover'd, we are thrown
To hell, and ſuffer torment above all
The wretched ſouls endured.
Lar. There 's no perſuing now,
Let us collect and muſter ſtrength to be
Reveng'd upon their goatiſh generation.
Phil. Gods muſt perſue the Raviſhers, for mankinde
Wants force ; where ſhall I hide my curſed head ?
Lar. You ſha'not grieve, nor curſe alone while I
Am partner in ſo great a miſerie. *Exeunt.*

ACT.

Act. 4. Scen. 9.

Enter foure Satyrs.

1 *Sat.* See thoſe commands that I impoſ'd be ſtrictly
Kept, and leaſt ſo much as but a noyſe of their
Complaint be heard, be ſure you binde, and gagg
Them both; why ſtay you thus? be quick, and not
Leſſe mercifull then poyſoned Arrows from
A Tartars bow.

Omnes. We ſuddenly obey. *Exeunt.*

1 *Sat.* Its fit. Now will I glut my ſelfe, and in
A full revenge tickle my ſpleen; O twill be
Brave ſport to winde theſe aged ſirs in ſuch
A labyrinth, as their induſtrious care
Shall more infold them in, then ſet them free.
But ſee I talk, not execute; Delay
Brings danger with't, and oft deſignes betray. *Exit.*

Act. 4. Scen. 10.

Enter Philaritus *and* Lariſcus.

Phil. Tis ſtrange theſe woods ſhould be inhabited
With ſtore of *Satyrs*, yet we finde none of
Their horrid Cells. There's no place that has ſcap't
Our narrow ſearch, though the ſulphurious earth
Hath breath'd forth all its ills, and hung its fogs
To dark the Ayre, yet have we venturd through
Their loathſome ſmells, to finde a *Satyrs* cave,
But they are hid; ſome intelligencing
Devil has told their ſudden Fate, and help'd
Them to ſome ayerie wings.

Lar. Curſe light on them!
Had we bin of the femal ſex, they wo'd
Have ſhew'd themſelves.

Phil. Right.

Lar. But now they fly us.

Phil. Yet the lightneſſe of

Their heels ſhan't free them from a deadfull Fate:
We fall like lightning on their heads, and ſcorne
To welcome reſt, untill our ſpears have bath'd
Their ſteely poynts within their murderous ſouls.

Lar. I like thy reſolution well.

Phil. Who 's here? *Enter* Coridon.
Coridon the newes with thee?

Cor. This will declare my coming. *He gives him a letter.*

Phil. I wonder that my Father writes to me.

Lar. Read and perhaps thou wilt not wonder.

Philaritus,

Since thou art charm'd with Ariſmena's *beauty, and accounts nothing cordiall but her love; I cannot chooſe but praiſe thy conſtancy, and wiſh to ſee thee incircled in* Ariſmena's *armes; Her Father hopes as much, who with me expects your preſence coming to my houſe.*

Your Father

Cleobulus.

Phil. This Phiſick comes too late, this kindneſſe ſhould
Have bleſt your Son before, read, read *Lariſcus*,
And tell me if my Fathers love be timely.
O my accurſed Stars, by whoſe black influence
My Fate is poyſon'd thus, that I could reach you
To be aveng'd upon your golden heads,
Which I would pluck from heaven, and bury in
The earth, never to ſhine againe.

Lar. Let me perſwade in this extream to go
And let me wait upon you to your Father,
He 's powerfull and may at his command
Raiſe men enough to ranſack all the woods
And finde the caves where dwell theſe horrid *Satyrs*
Whom we will torture for the Rape committed.

As

As they ſhall wiſh themſelves in Hell to be
Rid of our puniſhment : we muſt be active,
And live to be reveng'd, not ſigh away
Our ſpirits thus.
Phil. Thou doſt adviſe me well,
This may aſſiſt us to performe our duty
To our abuſed faire ones, and revenge
Their ſtaine in part, but ſure nothing can be
Enough to recompence their cruelty.

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

Enter Cleobulus *and* Bracheus.

Cleob. I will rejoyce my Sonne *Philarinus*
To finde ſuch comfort in my Letter, which
Speaks all my anger off, and full conſent
That he ſhould Marry beautious *Ariſmena.*
Brac. You writ that I was willing too.
Cleob. I did.
Good *Bracheus* now my friend, I did conſider
The errors of my paſſions, and with much
Contention in my ſelfe at laſt reſolv'd
This way to merit pardon, you by this
Have had a tryall of my Sonnes affection
To your faire daughter.
Brac. Sir you ſhall command
What is in *Bracheus* power, I had a paſſion
And old mans anger too, which your good nature
Already hath forgiven.
Cleob. You are perfect
In what we have deſign'd, to perfect all
Our joyes, and make a faire contentment ſwell
In every boſome, ſtormes cannot laſt alwayes,
The blackeſt night muſt have a day ſucceed it,
And pleaſures have enlargement in our heart
When we have ſuffered paine : I wonder that

My Sonne makes no more haſt.

Brac. Here's your ſervant.

Act. 5. Scen. 2.

Enter Coridon.

Cor. Your Sonne my young Mr. is come Sir.

Cleob. Alone: It was misfortune I forgot *Lariſcus* in my Letter.

Cor. He's come with him.

Cleob. Excellent, then all things may be fortunate,
You'l pleaſe to doe what we devis'd already
To entertaine them.

Brac. I'le about it inſtantly. *Exit.*

Cleob. So, ſo, a ſudden change will much delight
His care oppreſſed heart; he's here, my bleſſing, *Enter* Philar:
And then to you a welcome good *Lariſcus.* *and* Lariſcus.
Me thinks you weare a ſadneſſe in your browes,
What ſullen clouds diſguiſe your Faces thus?
It is a time of joy *Philaritus,*
You read my Letter, and conſent that you
Should marry *Ariſmena,* and that *Bracheus*
And I are friends. What ſorrow?

Act. 5. Scen. 3.

Phil. I prithee
If thou haſt ſtrength *Lariſcus* tell him what
Sad chance hath rob'd our hearts of all delight
For I ſhall faint ith' repetition.

Lar. Your comfort comes too late *Cleobulus.*

Cleob. Too late! why pray?

Phil. I prithee ſpeak the ſad news in his eare,
I dare not hear the ſound: what thing is man?
How like a leafe toſs'd by the winde? he knows
No certaine way. O love thou art concern'd
To bear a part in our revenge, and if
Thou bee'ſt a God, ayde two oppreſſed lovers

Againſt

A gainſt the luſtfull Fiends have raviſh'd all
Our joyes and wealth away!

Cleob. You fright me Sir,
By *Satyres* ſnatcht away? and could you not
Purſue 'em?

Lar. They had firſt ſurpris'd our weapons
With which they kept us back, whil'ſt two of their
Black crew flew from us with the prey,
Oh had you heard the cry of the wrong'd virgins! ——

Phil. Nay heaven did hear it too
But had no thunder ready, not one ſhaft
Of vengeance to throw upon the Raviſhers.
Juſtice is dead, or in a ſleep, and we
Poore mortalls pray and are not pittied.

Cleob. Do yee know what then became of your two Miſtriſſes?

Phil. I know faire *Ariſmena* cannot live
After her bodies ſtaine.

Cleob. There came late to me
A grave learned Gentleman, that has
Great knowledge in the ſecret art of Magick,
I will intreat his skill in this afaire,
He'l tell us all the event: I'le to him my ſelfe,
Stay here a while. *Exit.*

Lar. Though I expect there can
Be nothing but more cauſe of ſorrow for us,
Let's hear what he can ſay, or ſhew.

Phil. He may
Direct us too, to order our revenge,
But I ſuſpect no Art can tell us where
The poore things are.

ACT.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 4.

Enter two ſervants, one of them a Magitian.

1 *Ser.* My Mr: has prevail'd already with the Gentleman: Who holds it eaſie to diſcover all.

Lar. Is this he?

Phil. You are welcome Sir.

Mag. Alas poore youngmen, their faces
Carry too much of ſorrow, but the Faces
Muſt be obey'd, I am informd of your
Deſires, and I requeſt none may be with us
But theſe two, pleaſe you to depart, there is
Some reaſon in my art Sir for your abſence.

1 *Ser.* Moſt willingly. *Exit.*

Mag. Sit down I pray, but ſtir not on your lives
Nor ſpeak to what you ſee; you muſt ſuppoſe
What ere you ſee is not ſubſtantiall
But ayerie ſhapes that repreſent the life
Of thoſe you ſeek, which to offend may be
Moſt prejudiciall nay dangerous
Even to your lives; the charme ſhall not delay
Your expectation longer: doe you know
The Satyrs when you ſee 'em once agen.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 5.

Enter Cleobulus *like a Satyre courting* Ariſmena, Bracheus *like another Satyr courting* Caſtarina.

Phil. The ſame, the very ſame.

Lar. Be they Devils.

Phil. Wee'l revenge them here.

Philaritus *and* Lariſcus *offer to run at the Satyrs who pulling off their Vizards are known to be* Cleobulus *and* Bracheus.

Cleob. Do, kill thy Father boy.

Brac.

Brac. Murder thy Unckle!

Phil. Ah! Are you the cruel Satyrs? *The ſuppoſed ſervants in the interim ſteale away* Ariſmena *and*

Cleob. Yes and have we hope
Made you amends: They were our men
Which we both ſhapt, and fitted for that purpoſe. Caſtarina.

Lar. You frighted us.

Cleob. It is confeſt, but now
Wee'l croſſe your hopes no more, but give you thoſe
Yee terme your greateſt happineſſe. May heaven
Make their wombs fruitfull with as bleſſed iſſue
As ere gave Parents hopes.

Phil. Theſe wiſhes Sir
Adds to my great content, and were
But *Ariſmena* here, there were not in
The world that which could make *Philarmus*
Accurſt.

Brac. It is my wonder that ſhe ſtayes
Thus long. *Crying within.*

Lar. What noyſe is that?

Phil. Some's ſtrangled ſure.

Cleob. Hear tis plainer now. *They cry within.*

Brac. Let's in I pray.

Phil. All's well I hope.

Exeunt in haſt, and enter againe.

Cleob. We hear a noyſe but can
Not tell where tis. *within Oh! Oh! Oh!*

Phil. Harke!

Cleob. Its here abouts. *Cleobulus draweth the curtain and findes* Coridon *and* Rurius *in a payre of ſtocks their hands tied and their mouths gagged.*

Lar. Oh horrour!

Phil. Unbinde the men.

Brac. I am affraid.

Cleob. What ſport's this?

Cor. No ſport, the Satyrs ——.

Phil. What of them?

Cor. Having intelligence (I know not by what means) of your diſguiſing of your ſelves into their ſhapes, have ſurpriſed the houſe, and ere we were aware bound and gaggd us as ye ſee; ſo inſtead of us brought in *Ariſmena* and *Caſtarina*, who ſince have carried

carried them away leaving us in this lamentable caſe.

Cleob. Plagues purſue them.

Brae. Horror attend them.

Lar. Furies!
Riſe in my braine and help me to revenge.

Phil. Fix me for ever here, oh you that ſend
The active lightning from your throne, or truſt
Me with your thunder once —— Dare you not?
Or have I more conſuming flames within?
Yes my breath may blaſt them all —— ſtand off *Runs up*
Furies ſwell up my breaſt, and in this rage *and down.*
I could unmake the world, and turne it back
Into its firſt unpoliſhed heape, and ſhall
Performe ſome worthy deed worthy *Philaritus.* *Exit.*

Cleob. This doth diſtract my Sonne.

Brae. Wee'l counſell him
Till we have ſet him right.

Lar. I'm loſt in griefe
And ſmalls the hope I have to finde releife. *Exeunt.*

Act. 5. Scen. 6.

Enter Ariſmena *and* Caſtarina.

Ariſ. Here may we reſt and eaſe
Our tired limbs, whileſt ſome refreſhing gale
Courts our ſad feares into a ſweet repoſe,
Sit downe.

Caſt. I'le doe what you command, yet I
Am fearfull here's more danger then we ſee.

Ariſ. Your too too nice Fates guide I to Fates yeild wee,
For penſive cares can't alter their Decree.

Ariſmena *and* Caſtarina *retire and fall a ſleep in an Arbor on the Stage.*

Act.

Act. 5. Scen. 7.

Enter 1 Satyre *Solus.*

Sat. This was her wonted place, on theſe green banks
She ſate her down, when firſt I heard her play
Unto her liſning ſheep; nor can ſhe be
Far from the ſpring ſhe's left behinde. That Roſe
I ſaw not yeſterday, nor did that Pinke
Then court my eye; She muſt be here, or elſe
That gracefull Marigold wo'd ſhure have clos'd
Its beauty in her withered leaves, and that
Violet too wo'd hang its velvet head
To mourn the abſence of her eyes: And ſee *The Satyr ſpies*
Where ſhe doth lie, purging the moyſtn'd ayre *them aſleepe.*
With her more gentle breath: Methinks ſhe chides
Me in her ſleep, and frights my blood to paleneſſe
As I ſtand: But come, I am reſolv'd
Nor can I longer now forbear to force
Ariſmena to come with me, whilſt I *Satyre takes up* Ariſ-
Leave *Caſtarina* to her Deſtiny. mena *and Exit.*

Act. 5. Scen. 8.

Enter Bonus Genius *of* Caſtarina
as ſhe ſleepes.

Bon. Gen. *Sleep* Caſtarina *whilſt thy ſence*
Doth looſe its uſe, from fancy take
Inſtructions of that Excellence,
They'l keep thee ſafe when th'art awake.
Nice honour is ſo rich a thing
That to preſerve it rather dye
Or kill the Raviſher would ſling
Such ſtains upon thy Modeſty.
Tis faire and juſt revenge for they
Whoſe boſomes lodge ſuch foul intents
Tis fit ſhould dye and daily pay
Their debt to th' ſin in puniſhment. Exit.

Caſtarina *awakes.*

Caſt. Stay gentle Spirit, and with thoſe ſweet ſounds
Strike on my waking ſence, that I may be
Confirm'd tis no illuſion : I'le obey
The counſell of my Genius ; ſure twas it
That guards me : Would it would appear agen
And teach thee *Ariſmena* —— ha ! She's gone ;
And whither ? how ! my ignorance ! and wonder !
A whirlewinde in its giddy motion carries
Light matters not more ſwiftly, then ſhee's vaniſht,
Hath danger frighted her ? or is ſhe forc't
By ſome rude Satyre ? Thou that didſt inſtruct
My ſoule ſo lately, guide me to the knowledge
Of her much doubted Fate, or ſhew the way
She's fled, that I may follow. *Ariſmena* !
Let me oretake thee ; a ravenous Beare,
Or Wolfe hath ſeiz'd thee, I would ſhare thy harmes
And both die foulded in each others armes. *Exit.*

ACT. 5. SCEN. 9.

Enter Satyre with Ariſmena.

Sat. Come faire one, caſt off your trembling fear,
No violence ſhall force your Love, I'le rather chooſe
To pierce this breaſt, then let one accent fall
That may offend your eare.
Arif. You doe offend
In ſpeaking thus.
Sat. I ſhould diſpleaſe you more
To ſnatch my pleaſures from your breſt
Arif. You wo'd
Indeed, and doe already fright my blood
To paleneſſe in my cheeks.
Sat. Oh ſay not thus, I doe
Confeſſe I have not in the flock of my
Deſerts enough to force one bounteous ſmile
For to create me new ; but let not that

Cauſe

Cauſe you to frown, or with one angry look
Turne me to aſhes as I ſtand.
Arif. Still you
Doe gild the Pill, you'd have me take, but I
Aſſure you Sir my heart is none of mine,
Though the bright Marriage God has yet forborne
To light his Tapers. We breath both from one ſoule.
Sat. Come, come, you doe but jeſt to egg me more
By your delayes.
Arif. You'l finde I ſpeak the truth,
And covet more to die a Martyr for
This cauſe, then live to be an Empreſſe.
Sat. Are you ſo reſolute? ſo ſtout, go in,
Viſit the rooms I led you through, look on
Thoſe ſtings you are to feel unleſſe you doe
Conſent, and then conſider that if they
Inforce you not, you ſhall be quickly ſent
To thoſe bleſt fields you vainly hope to view.
Arif. That death is welcome which ſhall render me
A chaſt example unto poſterity. *Exit. Arif.*
Sat. Theſe Arcadian Nimphs are patternes to the world
Of chaſtity; had my breath bin ſpent on
Ladies of the Weſterne court, they would have prov'd
More gentle then to let one thus long ſue
Without a cloſe imbrace, whilſt theſe fly from
The name, fearing the ſound might get
An Act of luſt.

Enter Caſtarina.

Here comes another too
Whoſe brighter ſoule ſhall not by me be forc't.
Faire Maide?

Act. 5. Scen. 10.

Caſt. Bleſſe me ye Powers!
Sat. From what?
Caſt. From you and all your curſt
Aſſociates.

Sat. Why faire one? I carry
Nothing to affright you but this ſhape.
Caſt. In that
Lurks all thats bad.
Sat. Judge not thus ill, th' reſpect
I'le ſhew to you ſhall merit better thoughts.
Caſt. You ſhew reſpect, heavens defend! can I
Believe there is civility amongſt Wolves,
Or that a Lyon can be brought to couch
Before his prey. Stand off, or you ſhall feel I dare *Snatches a poniard from the*
Be more then woman, ſluce your blood, and laugh *Satyrs ſide, &*
To ſee your ſoule expire. *wounds him.*
Sat. Stay gentle Nimph
This little blood has checkt my daring ſoule.
Caſt. But doſt thou bleed? oh ſtop the murmuring ſtream
Leaſt my Feeble nature ſink at the ſight *She drops the poniard*
Of blood. *and the Satyr takes it up.*
Sat. Art thou ſo quickly chang'd, is that
Great ſpirit which thou proudly boaſts turnd to
Effeminacy? Come kiſſe me, or I'le
Draw ſo much of thy own, 'twill fright thee more
To view it ſtreaming from thy veines.
Caſt. Keep off
For I dare ſuffer ——
Sat. A kinde ſalute.
Caſt. No,
Death and meet it through more tortures then ere
Tyrants could invent.
Sat. I'le try your valour,
And get you yonder till I've fram'd a death
More horrid then ere fancy thought on yet.
Caſt. Let fall your ſtings, they ſhall be welcom'd too;
I'le kiſſe the hand which ſhall diſmiſſe a maide
And praiſe thy act in the Elizean ſhade. *Exit.*
Sat. Nothing can alter her, but as the Stars
Keeps ſtill her conſtant courſe; yet ſomething I
Will doe —— I, it ſhall ſo, and if
This failes I'le try ſome other plot.

The

Hollow within, and then enter a Satyre.

The newes?

2 *Sat.* The Shepheards are inſnared.

1 *Sat.* O bring them in. *Exit.* 2 *Sat.*

They 're timely tane, for now my plot may finde
A good ſucceſſe, or as I am, I may
Either revenge or lengthen out my day. *Exit.*

ACT. 5. SCEN. 11.

Enter four Satyrs with Javelins bringing in Cleobulus, Bracheus, Philaritus, *and* Lariſeus *bound.*

Cleob. Brac. Phil. Lar. Unbinde us ſlaves.

2 *Sat.* I, doe, pull your armes to peices, twill be a torture we forgot to invent.

Phil. That I could kill my ſelfe.

Lar. Or any thing rather then die by their ignoble hands.

Brac. Patience is our onely remedy.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 12.

Enter the Grand Satyre.

3 *Sat.* Here comes one will tame you Sir.

G. Sa. I am reſolv'd nor though I can will greive. *ſpeaks as to*

4 *Sat.* The ſpies are brought. *ſome within.*

G. Sat. You have done well: Now ſee that one of you
Muſter enough to guard theſe woods, whilſt we
Afflict our puniſhments on theſe.

Sat. I goe. *Exit.*

G. Sat. Come hither you that are the Maſter of
Theſe woods, and think it nothing to deſtroy
Whole troops of Satyres What wo'd you beſtow
On us to ſet you free? wo'd you give up
Your Virgins to our uſe, and let us take
The beauties of your Land?

Omnes. Deſtruction firſt.

Sat. Nay you ſhould enjoy them too, onely we ——

Phil. Wo'd crack their Maindenheads ——

Lar.

Lar. And we ſho'd then ——

Phil. Be married to them.

Sat. Right.

Brac. And leave our Lands to thoſe
You get.

Sat. Yes.

Omnes. A halter firſt.

Sat. Say ſo! Tear limbs.
From off the trees give them a welcome.

The meaner Satyres play on the Hooboys dreſt as though they were boughs, but in a diſtracted way.

Phil. Strange Muſique!

Lar. The ſcreech-Owles Dirge ere death.

Having plaid thus diſtractedly they play ſome acurate leſſon.

Brac. Their notes are chang'd.

Cleob. And now they ſound as when the dying Swan
Fills the Ecchoing woods with harmony.

Phil. What ſhall become of poor *Philaritus*?

Cleob. Wee'l dye incircled in each others armes.

Sat. Fetch in the youths and let them ſing the Songs
They have prepared.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 13.

Exeunt Satyrs, entring againe tending on Ariſmena *and* Caſtarina *dreſt in ſome diſguiſd ſhapes.*

Lar. What now?

Phil. Our ſentence.

The Song.

I

Sigh Shepheards ſigh
Spend all your breath in groans
Lay your ſweeter Muſick by
Hearken onely to the Drones.
Henceforth no other Garlands view
But what are made of diſmall yewe,
'Tis fit all nature now ſhould mourne
And every tree to Cypreſſe turne.

Thoſe

2n.

Thoſe Nimphs are gone
Whoſe looke's in awe did keepe
The Wolfe and Fox who alone
More then Pales bleſt our ſheepe,
Their ſweeteſt graſſe the Lambs did finde
Where their bright eyes not Phœbus ſhin'd,
In every place where they did come
They made a new Elizium.

Chorus. *Wretched Swaines ye now can have*
No Paradice but in the Grave,
Die, then die, ſince they are fled
The onely life is to be dead.

The Song being done *Ex: Ariſmenu & Caſtarina*

Gr. Sat. Unbinde the men.

Omnes. What then ?

Gr. Sat. I aske your pardons Sirs, and wo'd
Be glad to know what can deſerve your ſmiles.

Phil. Jeſt not ſoule ſoule, it is a death to live
The object of your view, we can as bravely
Suffer, as you torment, and were thoſe here
Which you have raviſht from their loves, we wo'd
But ſhed ſome funerall tears upon their hearſe
And gladly meet our deaths.

Sat. They 're dead indeed,
And ſince you know their fates, you ſhall be brought
Unto their Tombes : I'le drop as many tears as you
To ſhew my penitence, although it be
A thing averſe for me to weep, yet when
I think what goodneſſe I've deſtroyd, I muſt
Accuſe my luſt, and then lament your loſſe.

Phil. Accurſed ſlaves.

Sat. Nay dry your tears, for if
There be ſuch groves and joyfull fields as you
Call fortunate, your Nimphs are ſporting in
Their ſhades, triumphing ore our cruelty.

Lar.

Lar. They died unſpotted then.

Sat. They did, and breathd
Out ſoules as pure as ayre before it mixt
With Earth.

Phil. Bleſt virgins! Lead forward to their Tombes,
I long to pay a funerall tear, and weep
Till I'm become the onely Niobe.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 14.

Enter Satyres *with* Ariſmena *and* Caſtarina *in Coffins.*

Sat. They are inclos'd in theſe, in them is hid
More riches then the world has left, but I
Sin in their praiſe, my tears ſhall expiate
My crimes. *Weepes.*

Phil. Which is my *Ariſmena's* Tombe.

Sat. This.

Phil. I will bedew this cheſt, whilſt you *Lariſcus*
Weep your griefes ore that.

Lar. Oh *Caſtarina!*
Send from the Elizean fields thy ghoſt to call
Mee hence, let not my ayrie ſoule be pend
Within this lumpe of clay, and I be abſent
From that rich place, thy purer parts doe bleſſe.

Phil. My eyes grow dry, this breſt has ſo much griefe I cannot vent my tears.

Cleob. I can ſupply what you doe lack, methinks I could imbalme both corpes in mine, or elſe
Create a Sea with Rivers from my eyes.

Brac. My ſorrowes flow
So faſt I want expreſſions for my griefes.

Sat. Riſe from the earth, your tears can't raiſe them from
Their ſilent Urnes.

Brac. But yet they may perchance
Haſten my Journeys ſooner then I dream't.

Ari.

Ariſ. Ca. Rather then ſo we'l riſe and live againe. *They open*
Omnes. Alive! *the Coffins and*
Sat. Yes, and have I hope made you amends *riſe from them.*
For all the injuries I've done. 'Tis true
I oft have thought to woe *Ariſmena*
To conſent to marry me, but I found
Her ever conſtant to *Philaritus*,
Beſides this ſhape has frighted her, which thus
I now caſt off. *Diſcovers himſelfe.*
Omnes. *Paromet.*
Cleob. Your father *Caſtarina.*
Caſt. I know it Sir, and was acquainted with
The plot, but had not leave to crown you ſooner
With the happy newes, or elſe I ſhould ere this
Have bleſt you from your fears:
And beg a pardon for the wounds I gave you. *ſpeaks to her father.*
Cleob. You are call'd home, and every one rejoyceth
Your doom 's reverſt.
Sat. I've practiz'd all that's done
With this intent, that if I could procure
Ariſmena as my Love, I hop'd I ſho'd
The eaſier intreat you to ſue for my
Returne, which I doe finde you have obteyn'd
And doth exact my ſervice ever and bindes
Me to entreat your pardon *Ariſmena.*
Ariſ. I can forgive, and had you wrong'd me more
You have made a large and faire requitall, in
Giving me up chaſt unto *Philaritus.*
Phil. Doe we not dream?
Ariſ. Moſt certainely we are
Awake, and now made happy.
Caſt. At laſt
Our hearts meete.
Lar. Never to be disjoyn'd.
Sat. And once againe take *Caſtarina* from Her Fathers hands.
Lar. Welcome again dear heart
To my own boſome.
And now the truth of the dark Oracle

Is clearly illuſtrated, Thou waſt dead,
Dead to my hopes; and now I doe enjoy thee
After thy reſtitution to new life
Whence thy *Lariſcus* doth derive his own,
Thy faithfull true *Lariſcus.*

Caſt. I beleive it
Though you ſuſpected me.

Lar. Allow that errour.
A reconciliation and free pardon.
Henceforth I will be guarded with ſuch care
A jealouſie ſhall not aſſault one thought
Without repulſe. Graculus *cries within.*

Cleob. What noyſe is that?

Brac. No more plots I hope.

Sat. No, no,
'Tis *Graculus* whom I have caus'd to be
Kept cloſe.

Brac. O prithee free him all are friends.

Enter Graculus.

Sat. Hee's here and I'le obſcure my ſelfe.

ACT. 5. SCENE. 15.

Grac. Oh the horrid place, and tortures I have both ſeen and felt, are you their Maſter? Doth any of you deſire to ſee Hell before you go thither.

Cleob. The fellow's mad and thinks there's no other place but that.

Grac. If you doe? come but with me and I will ſhew a place —— ſuch a place as goes beyond the fire ſpitting Mountaine and has worſe tortures in't by halfe then the gnawing Vulture, Ixions wheel, or whatſoever elſe the lying Poets doe imagine. O Maſter! had you but ſome little grudgings of what I have indur'd you wo'd —— I, that you wo'd run mad, wilde, nay —— allmoſt try the certainty of eternity, rather then have your bones thus unjoynted in your skin.

Brac. Ah, Ah, Ah, you're rightly ſerv'd for betraying your Miſtreſſe.

Grac.

Grac. The Devil! how came you to the knowlege of that?

Sat. Why I told 'em.

Grac. Oh free me from a Furie, a Devil. *Offers to run away.*

Sat. Neither you ſee. *Diſcovers himſelfe.*

Grac. Exil'd *Paromet*, had I known this I wo'd ——

Sat. What?

Grac. Why ——

Sat. Nay out with't.

Grac. Have told *Caſtarina* to've bin freed by my diſcovery.

Sat. Oh!

Brac. Well ſirrah go and be glad you have ſcapt thus.

Grac. And ſo I will, for I well deſerve to 'ave loſt an Arme, or ſomething elſe that's dearer to me, for betraying a Virgin. Oh my bones. *Exit.*

Cleob. The night begins to waſt, come therefore on
I long till Mariage Rites have made theſe Lovers one.

Sat. Lead on, and may the Gods come ſhort of thoſe
Delights theſe happy paires may finde.

Phil. To all
My thanks: come my deareſt *Ariſmena*
After ſo many conflicts with my Fate
I meet in thee my happineſſe, our Loves
Shall be more glorious for the Eccliſpe.

Thus Memphian Balmes that are of richeſt worth
Once bruis'd do ſend moſt precious Odours forth. Exeunt.

Epilogue, ſpoken by the *Grand Satyre*.

Ladies and gentle youths be pleas'd to ſpare
One eye to view this Goblin thatcht with haire,
And then (whatever Language he hath ſlung
From the wilde furie of a Satyres tongue)
He does preſume your ſofter Sex will ſcan
Some walking Cottage wrong'd you, not a man:
He does confeſſe his language never knew
That ſmooth humanity which lives in you;
Nor dares he think he can reforme this Sin,
Till ſome new Mart of manners doe come in:
Beſides he thought this rough behaviour due
To female Faries, 'twas not meant to You.
His fancy dream'd of Elves, but now does fear
The Sexes glory has bin injur'd here.
For when he ſees a Conſtellation riſe
Shot from the glorious light of ſeverall eyes
That gild the Orbe, he knowes theſe are not Bowers
For Silvian dames, but ſome diviner powers.
And what the Revels of the woods grant free
This chaſter Scene hath rais'd to blaſphemie.
Well ſince the crime is Acted, here he ſtands
The doome of female weapons, nayles and hands.
And ſince his language hath prophan'd thus long,
Faith Ladies clap him ſoundly for this wrong. **Exit.**

FINIS.

An exact and perfect Catologue of all *Playes* that are Printed.

A



Larum for *London*, or the siege of *Antwerp*.
Albovin King of *Lombardy*, by *Davenant*.
Alchimist, *Johnson*.
All fools, *Chapman*.
Alphonsus King of *Aragon*.
Angry women of *Abington*.
Apias and Virginia.
Atheist Tragedy, *Cyril Teudor*.
Albumazar.
Alexander and Campaspe.
Alexandrian Tragedy.
All for mony.
Amends for Ladies.
Aminta.
Antonio and Melida, *Marston*.
Arraignment of Paris.
Arden of Feversham.
Andrew, Terence.
Aristippus, *Randolph*
All's lost by lust, *Masinger*.
As you like it, *Shakspear*.
Alls well that ends well.
Antonio and Cleopatra.
Abrahams Sacrifice.
Agamemnons Tragedy.
Apollos shroving.
Adrasta, or the womans spleen.
Antigone, or the Theban Princes
Aglaura, *Suclin*.
Amintus, or the unpossile dowry.
Argulus and Parthenia *Glapthorn*
Arviragus and Philicia.
Agripina.
Arcadia, *Sherly*.
Antipodes, Brome.
Albertus walenstine, Glapthorn.
Alaham, Lord Brooks.
Alphonsus Emperor of Germany, *Chapman*.
Acteon.

B

Blinde begger of Alexandria.
Burt Mr. Constable.
Brazen Age.
Bussy dambois.
Battel of Alcazar, or the death of Stukely.
Bondman, *Messenger*.
Biro's Conspiracy. *Chapman*.
Broken Hart, *Ford*.
Bird in a cage, *Sherly*.
Barthollomew faire, *Johnsyn*.
Ball, *Sherly*.
Beggers bush, *B*.
Bloody banquet, *T. D*.
Bride, *Thomas Nabs*.
Bondman, *Fletcher*.
Bonduca, *Flet cher*.
Bastard a Tragidy.
Brothers, *Sherly*.
Bays.

Cambise

C

Cambiſes King of Perſia.
Caſe altred, *Johnſon*
Coblers propheſies.
Cyrus King of Perſia.
Catelin, *Johnſon*.
Cæſars Tragedy, *Sterlin*.
Cæſer and Pompey, *Chapman*.
Chaſt Maid of Cheapſide, *Middleton*.
Chriſtian turn'd Turk, *Dahorne*.
Cynthius Revels, *Fountaine*.
Cynthius Revenge.
Conflict of conſcience, *Wood*.
Cornelius Tragidy.
Common conditions.
Creſſus Tragidy, *Sterlin*.
Cromwells hiſtory.
Cruell brother.
Cupids whirligig.
Cupids Revenge, *Beoment Flet*.
Cleopatra, *May*.
Cleopatra Daniel.
Comedy of errors, *Shakepear*.
Coriolanus, *Shakspear*.
Cimbiline, *Shakepear*.
Coſty whore.
Coragious Turk.
Challenge for beuty.
Cid two parts.
Conſpiracy, *Killegrew*.
Captaine, *Beoment*.
Changes, or love in a maze.
Contention for honour & riches.
Chabot Admirall of France.
Covent Garden.
City match.
Coronation, *Fletcher*.
Conſtant maid.
Claracilla, *Killigrew*.
Country Captaine.
Chances, *Beamont*.
Coxcomb, *Beamont*.
Cleomon Knight of the Shield.
Cuſtome of the country.
Colas fury or Licendas miſery.
Cardinall, *Sherly*.
Changling, *Middleton*.
Claudius tiberus nero.
Cleopatra.
Court begger.
City wit, *Brown*.
Combat of love and friendſhip.
Commitry man, *Currie*.
Cunning Lovers.
Chinon of England.

D

Devills charter, or the life of Pope Alexander.
Damon and Phithias.
Darius hiſtory.
David and Bathſheba.
Darius Tragedy.
Dido Queen of Carthage.

Diſobedient childe.
Devils Law caſe.
Dr. Dottipo.
Dutch curtizan, *Marſton*.
Dumb Knight.
Dutches of Malfie.
Dutches of Suffolk.
Duke of Millaine.
Devils an aſſe. *B. J.*
Dukes Miſtreſſe. *Sherly*.
Dick Scorner.
Diſcontented Collonel.
Double Marriage.

Diſtracted

Distracted State.
Doubtfull heire.
Damsell, *Brome.*

E

Eastward ho. *B. J.*
Edward 1. *Long. Shanks.*
Edward 2 }
Edward 3 } *Shakspear.*
Edward 4 }
Every man in his humor.
man out of his humor.
Every woman in her humor.
Eudimion.
English traveller, *Heywood.*
Emperor East, *Messenger.*
Elder Brother, *Fletcher.*
Enuchus terence.
Enough as good as a feast.
Example, *Sherly.*

F

Faire quarrel.
Favourit.
Family of Love.
Faire maid of the west.
Faithfull Shepheard.
Faithfull Shepheardesse.
Faustus life and death.
Fanne, *Marstone.*
Fleere sharpham.
Fortunatos.
Fox, *B. Johnson.*
Freewill.
Friar Bacon, *Green.*
Four London Prentices, *Heyw.*
Fine compagnion, *Shakerly. Me.*
Fidele and fortunio.
Four Pees.
Fulgius and Lucrell.
Fatall Dowry,
Fancies, *J. Ford.*
False one, *F. Beament.*
Four Plays in one, *B. F.*
Fuimus tries the true Trojans fortune both by Land and Sea.

G

Gentleman of verona.
Gorbuduck, or Ferex and Procex.
Gammer Gurtons needle.
Galatea, *Lilly.*
Gentle craft, *Holiday.*
Glasse of Government.
Giles Gooscap.
Golden age, *Heywood.*
Gratefull servant, *Sherly.*
Greens tu quoque cookt
Game at Chesse.
Great Duke of Florence.
Goblins sucklin.
Gamester, *Sherly.*
Guise, *Marstone.*
Gardian, *Cowly.*
Ghost, or the woman wears the breeches.

H

Herod and Antipater.
Hog hath lost his Pearl.
Honest Lawyer.
Humor out of breath, *Chapman.*
Humerous Courtier, *Sherly.*
Hamlet Prince of Denmark.
Henry the 4. both parts. }
Henry 5 } *Shak-*
Henry 6 three parts. } *spear.*
Heny 8 }
Heire, *May.*
Hofmans Tragedy.
Honest whore both parts.
How to choose a good wife from a bad.

Hymens

Hymens triumph.
Hanniball and Scipio.
Hollands Leaguer.
Hide park.
Hercules furiens.
Hercules Oteons.
Hipolitus.
Humerous Lieutenant.
Honest mans fortune.
Hieronimo both parts.
Hector of Germany.

I

Jack drums entertainment.
Jack Straws life and death.
If this be not a good Play the Devil is in't.
Just Italian, *Davenant.*
Jacob and Esau.
Jack jugler.
Jew of Malta.
If you know not me you know no body.
Isle of Gulls.
Insatiat Countesse.
Jo calta. *Gascoine*
John King of England both parts.
Julius Cæsar, *Shakspear.*
Julius Cæsar, *Sterling.*
Iron age both parts.
Impatient potency.
Jealous lovers, *Randolph.*
Imperiale, *Freeman.*
Island Princes, *B. F.*
Just generall, *Cosmo Muche.*
Joviall Crew, or merry beggers.
Jovall Crew, *Shepheard.*
Impostor, *Sherly.*
Julia and Agripina.

K

King and no King, *Fletcher.*
Knack to know an honest man.
Knack to know a knave.
Knight of the Golden Shield.
King Charles Tragedy.
King John and Matilda.

L

London or the harbor of health.
Langartha, *Henry Burrel.*
Law tricks, or who would have thought it.
Lords and Ladies of London.
Locrinus Tragedy.
Looking glas for London & England.
London Prodigall, *Shakspear.*
Leyre and his three daughters. *Shak:*
Lawes of nature Moses and Christ.
Liberality and prodigality.
Linguæ.
Like to like quoth the Devil to the Collier.
Look about you or run red cap.
Loves Loadstone.
Lovers melancholy.
Loves Sacrifice.
Loves Mistresse, Heywood.
Loves Riddle, *Lowly.*
Loves Cruelty, *Sherly.*
Loves Pilgrimage, *B. F.*
Loves metamorphosis.
Loves labor lost.
Love and honour.
Love in an extasie.
Loves cure of martiall madnesse.
Loves progresse.
Lusty Juventus.
Lady of pleasure.
Lost Lady.
Little French Lawyer.
Loyall subject.
Laws of Candy.
Lanchashiere witches.
Lady errant.
Loyall lovers, *Cosmo muche.*
Levelers.
Love sick King, *Brewer.*

M

Male content, *Marstone.*
M. T. Cicero.
May day, *Chapman.*
Mad world my Masters.
Marchant of Venice.
Marius and Scilla.
Mariamne Tragedy.
Manhood and mirrule.
Mary Magdelens repentance, *B. H.*
Match me in London.
Maids of Mortlake.
Maids metomorphosis. Tragedy

Maids Tragedy, *Fletcher.*
Maids in the mil.
Maids revenge, *Sherly.*
Maids of honour.
Midſommer nights dream.
Maid in the mil'.
Millers daughter of Manchester.
Misery of enforct marriage.
Mother Bombie, *Lilly.*
Mucidorus.
Much adoe about nothing.
Mullalles the turk.
Muſtapha, Lord Brooks.
Midas, Lilly.
Meaſure for meaſure, Shakspear.
Mackbeth, Shakspear.
Moor of Venice, Shakspear.
Maidenhead well loſt, Heywood.
Mad lover, Fletcher.
Mariage of wit and wiſdome.
Maſſacre of Paris.
Medea.
Mercurius Brittanicus, Brathwait.
Microcoſmus, Nabs.
Martyr, Lower.
Mirza, Barron.
Match at midnight.
Muſes looking glaſſe. Randolph.
Martyrd ſouldier, Sherly.
Monſier Thomas, B. F.
Maſſalina, Rich.
Monſier D' Oliva. Chap.
Michaelmas Terme, Chapman.
Maſque of the gentlemen of Grays In
Maguetick Lady.
Mad couple well met, Brome.

N

New cuſtome.
No body and ſome body.
Nero Tragedy.
New Inne, *Johnſon.*
Northern laſſe, *Brome.*
Night walker.
Ninives repentance.
Noble Gentlemen. B. F.
Nice valour or the paſſionate madman
Noble ſtranger, *Sherly.*
Novella, *Brome.*
New trick to cheat the Devil.

O

Orlando furioſo.
Old wiſes tales.
Octavias Tragedy.
Octavias Tragi Comedy.
Æ dipus. Oreſtes.
Opportunity, *Sherly.*
Ordinary, *Cartwright.*
Pedlers prophesie.
Patient Griſel.
Player whipt,
Pericles Prine of Tire.
Phœnix.
Phœnix in her flames.
Philotus in Scotch.
Philotus, *Daniel.*
Philaſter, B. F.
Poetaſter, *Johnſon.*
Promus and Caſſandria.
Promiſes of God manifeſted.
Pinder of Wakefield.
Picture, *Meſſinger.*
Perkin warbek.
Play of the Netherlands.
Pitty ſhee's a whore.
Priſoners, *Killigrew.*
Propheteſſe.
Pilgrim, B. F.
Paſſionate lovers two parts.
Paſtor fido 12.
Paſtor Stapilton.

Q

Queens Arcadia, *Daniel.*
Queen of Aragon. *Habington*
Queen of Corinth.
Queen or the excelency her ſex.

R

Returne from Pernaſſus.
Revengers Tragedy.
Roaring girle, or Mol cutpurſe.
Robert Earl of Huntingtons downfall.
Rape of Lucraſſe.
Renegado.
Richard the 2.
Richard the 3, *Shakspear.*
Robin hoods Paſtorall,
— hoods Comedy uſed in may games.
Roman Actor, *Meſſinger.*
Rome and Juliet.
Robin conſcience.
Royall King and loyall ſubject.
Royall ſlave, *Carlwright.*
Rivall friends, *Hauſted.*

Rodon and Iris knevit.
Rollo Duke of Normanpy, *Fletcher.*
Rule a wife and have a wife, *Fletcher.*
Ram Ally.
Revenge of Buſſy, *Dambaiſe.*
Revenge for honour.

S

Selanas Tradigy.
Silver Age.
Soliman and Perſida.
Summers laſt Will and Teſtament.
Sapho and Phao. *Lilly.*
Scornfull Lady.
Scotch Hiſt. *James* the 4.
Sejanus, *Johnſon.*
Silent Woman, *Johnſon.*
Suppoſes, *Gaſcoine.*
Suſanna.
Swetman, the woman hater arraign'd.
Secillides a Piſcator.
School of Complement.
Sophy Tragidy. *Sherly.*
Staple of Newes.
Springs glory.
Strange diſcoveries.
Shepherds Holiday,
Spaniſh Curat.
Sea Voyage.
Shoemaker a Gentleman.
Shoemakers Holiday.
Sophiſter, A Comedy.
Sparages Garden.
Seven Champions.
St. Patrick for Ireland, *Sherly.*
Swaggering Damſell, *Chamberlen.*
Scots Figaries.
Seidge or Loves Convert.
Sicily and Naples, or the Fatall union.
Sad Shephard, *Johnſon.*
Spaniſh Gypſies.
Scots politick Presbyter.
See me, and ſee me not.

T

Tamberlaine, both parts.
Tancred and Giſmond.
Thery and Theodoret.
Trick to catch the old one.
Two Tragidies in one.
Two wiſe men, and all the reſt fooles.
Taming of a Shrew. *Shakeſ.*
Three Engliſh Heroes.
Titus and Andronicus.
Triall of Treaſure.
Troiles and Creſida.
Tide tarries for no man.
Triumph of peace.
Tempeſt, *Shakeſpeare.*
Two Gentlemen of Verona.
Two Noble Kinſmen.
Twelfth night.
Timon of Athens.
Thirtes interlude.
Troas.
Thiertes Tragedy.
Tottnam Court.
Trick to cheat the Devil.
The longer thou liveſt, the more foole thou art.
Triumph of Beauty.
The Life of *John* the Baptiſt.

U

Valiant Scot.
Untruſſing the humerous Poet.
Virgin Martyr.
Vertuous Octavia.
Unnaturall Combat.
Vow-breaker, *Sampſon.*
Unfortunate Mother.
Valiant Welchman.
Unfortunate Lovers. B. F.
Virgin Widdow.
Valentine, *Fletcher.*

W

Widdowes teare.
Woman in the moon.
Womans hater.
Woman kill'd with kindneſſe.
Woman is a weathercock.
Warning for fair women.
Wedding, *Shirley.*
Wealth and health.
Weakeſt goes to the wall.
Weſtward hoe.
What you will *Marſton.*
Whore of *Babylon.*
Wiats Hiſtory.
Wily beguild.
Wit of a woman.
Woman will have her will.
World loſt at Tennis.
Winters Tale.
Woman never vext.
Wits *W: Daven:*
Wonder of a Kingdome.
Wife woman of Hogſdon. *Heſwood.*
Wit without mony. B. F.
Wine, Beer, and Ale.
Womans prize.
Wit in a Conſtable.
Woman pleaſd, or the Tamer tam'd.
Wife for a month.
Wit at ſeverall weapons.
Widdow, by *Midleton.*
Wild Goose Chaſe.

Y

Your faire Gallants,
Yorkſhire Tragidy.
Young Admirall.

FINIS.